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041

SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS
IN PEKING

A DIARY
OF THE
SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS
IN PEKING

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1900

BY
NIGEL OLIPHANT

WITH A PREFACE BY ANDREW LANG

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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P R E F A C E

THE author of this Diary of the Siege of the Peking Legations, Mr. Nigel Oliphant, comes of a house accustomed to sieges from of old. The founder of the Oliphants, or rather the first of the Norman family of Olifard, or Olifand, who received lands in Scotland, was David Olifard. He was a godson of David I., King of Scotland, whose life he saved at the Siege of Winchester, in 1141. In 1304, Sir William Oliphant held Stirling Castle against Edward I., displaying the utmost tenacity, courage, and resource, after the rest of Scotland had submitted, and surrendering only when the English artillery, and the great engine called 'The Warwolf,' made resistance impossible. With the fall of Stirling the cause of Scotland died, till it was revived, two years later, by Robert Bruce. Colin, Master

of Oliphant, and his brother Laurence, fell at Flodden. The military qualities of the family, and their steadfast loyalty, were illustrated in the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, in the cases of the Lairds of Gask, Condie, and Rossie, from the last of whom Mr. Nigel Oliphant descends, being the son of Mr. T. T. Oliphant, who, with his brother, took part in the Umbeyla Campaign of 1863, the latter being fatally wounded.

Mr. Nigel Oliphant was born in the old house which Queen Mary used to occupy at St. Andrews, on December 19, 1874. His brother, David, who unfortunately fell under the Chinese fire, was born on July 10, 1876. In 1896 he had passed second in the open competition for student interpreterships in China. Early in 1897 he went to Peking, where, in each of the two subsequent years, he passed first in the examination in Chinese. Sir Claude MacDonald, recognising his ability, kept him in the Chancery Office of the Legation, instead of sending him as an assistant to one of the Consulates.

Nigel, the elder brother, and author of the

following Diary, kept under fire, was less apt in passing examinations, which proved fortunate in an educational sense. He preferred the sword to the pen, and enlisted in the Scots Greys, the famous old regiment that had Claverhouse for colonel. He was thence transferred to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, with whom he served in India, being lance-corporal. He thus acquired the military experience which proved so invaluable in the Siege of the Legations. There being no appearance of war, Mr. Nigel Oliphant, early in 1899, received from Sir Robert Hart, who knew his brother David, a post in the Chinese Postal Service, where he was engaged when the troubles broke out in 1900. Though his experience in the Army must have been useful training, his brother David, who had none, was twice mentioned in Sir Claude MacDonald's despatches for his military capacity. Perhaps we may say *bon chien chasse de race*, and the Oliphants had some eight hundred years of military adventure behind them. The two young Oliphants regarded war with gaiety, and the siege had hardly begun

when they laid out a putting course on the lawn of the British Legation. Later, after the besieged were relieved, and while still suffering from a wound received in action, Mr. Nigel Oliphant helped to lay out links of larger proportions. These two young men and their comrades took war 'with a frolic welcome.' In spite of discomforts and illnesses on which the Diary as published is silent, it is plain enough that the Oliphants would have much enjoyed the excitement of battle, had it not been for the presence of helpless women and children. These non-combatants also displayed great courage and confidence, though the fate of the victims at Cawnpore seemed to be hanging over them.

These few lines are not intended to anticipate or to criticise the narrative of events which Mr. Nigel Oliphant kept through days and nights of danger, grief, and pain ; and, perhaps, with no confident hope that the story of suffering and valour would ever come into the hands of his family. To them Her Majesty, our lamented Queen, acknowledged her sense of the services of the one who fell, and her sympathy with

the sorrow of his kinsfolk, in that style which made her indeed the Mother of her People. A sense of the continuity of our history is awakened by this simple record of loyalty and heroism. For more than eight centuries they have never failed in the house which held its lands on the tenure of presenting the monarch with a gift of white roses. *Loyauté n'a peur.*

A. LANG.

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SIEGE OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS AT PEKING

SUMMARY OF EVENTS PRIOR TO THE BEGINNING OF JUNE 1900

ALL through the winter the missionaries throughout North China have persistently been anticipating trouble owing to the continual and unchecked increase in the numbers and power of the I Ho Tuan, an anti-foreign society having for its patrons some of the highest officials in the realm. There had been many cases of attacks on inland missionary stations, and in December an English priest was brutally killed by these people. In this case the murderers were punished, but in the numerous other cases where only Chinese converts were slain no action was taken.

The first outbreak directly affecting the

foreigners in Peking and Tientsin took place on May 28th, when a band of Boxers burnt some stations on the Luhan (Belgian) railway line, and the *employés* had to fly to Peking. The Imperial Chinese railway authorities in Tientsin received the news that the Boxers were marching on Fengtai, the junction between the Luhan line and the Peking branch of the Imperial Railway of North China. They accordingly asked the Tientsin Viceroy to send up some troops, but the usual delay was shown, and the next day the station and workshops at Fengtai were burnt, and the foreign officials all up the line had to be called in. The train to Peking, of course, did not get through that day. On the following day 500 Chinese soldiers went up by special train, and for the time being the line was safe. By noon on May 31st some 550 of the foreign troops, which were wired for by the Ministers, had arrived in Tientsin, and 350 left for Peking the same day. I also left for Peking, where I found things fairly quiet, though there had been cases of abuse of foreigners in the streets. The people in Peking received the guards with great enthusiasm, as there had been many disquieting rumours. We after-

wards heard on excellent authority that it had been proposed in the Grand Council on the night of the 30th that the Legations should be attacked, and all the inmates massacred. This was only averted by the efforts of Prince Ching and Jung Lu.

DIARY

1st June.—A feast day, so trouble was feared. Some of us went to the station in the early morning to bring in our Marines' baggage, which had been left there owing to lack of carts on the previous day. The city was pretty quiet all day.

2nd June.—Still very quiet.

3rd June.—Sir Claude sent his children and sister-in-law to the hills with a guard of ten Marines, but on the 4th they were hurriedly brought back, owing to the following alarming reports: (1) that the Boxers had attacked some stations near Paotingfu and killed four Belgian engineers; (2) that Boxers were again advancing on the Peking-T'sin line.

5th June.—Huangtsun station was burnt, and traffic on the line suspended. News was brought

of two English Church missionaries killed at Yung Ching, fifty miles from here.

6th June.—The city still fairly quiet, though missionaries report that Boxers have been entering the city in large numbers. Missionaries in Paotingfu and Tangshan appear to be in great danger. Mails are running by courier between here and Tientsin, but not very quickly or regularly. Large numbers of foreign troops are said to have landed, and another detachment is to be sent up soon.

7th June.—Am more or less settled in my rooms at the Bank, and am learning the work fast. After office D.¹ and I go round paying calls, and generally finish up at the Club, where tennis, billiards, &c., go on just as usual, and where one hears all the latest ghastly rumours. The line was supposed to be in working order once more, and a train started at 10.30 A.M., but did not come through. It was said on good authority that Langfang station had been burnt. Several of the missionaries who live in outlying

¹ D. here and subsequently is the writer's brother, who was one of the staff of the Chancery of the British Legation, and was killed by a Chinese bullet on July 5th.

parts of the city have to-day come into the Legations for safety. There were countless other rumours, but none really worth noting. The big Customs officials are evidently getting alarmed, and are sending their valuables to us for safe keeping.

8th June.—Had a very pleasant early morning ride, and found the Chinese city quite quiet. No news of any importance. A meeting was held in the Club to discuss the advisability of forming a Volunteer Corps, but no practical scheme was put forward. Nearly all the missionaries in the place have now come into the Legation.

9th June.—Houston¹ and I had also to take refuge in the Legation. The Chinese manager urged us to go. There are many Boxers just outside the city, and this morning the Race-course Club building was burnt by them. Some students who went out in the afternoon to see the place were attacked, and one man had to use his revolver before he could get past the villagers. Sir Robert Hart has sent all the

¹ The Bank manager.

Customs' ladies in here to-night after bidding them a most affecting and gloomy farewell, which frightened them all fearfully.

10th June : Sunday.—There was a service held in one of the big 'T'ing'rhs'¹ in front of the Chief's² house, as the church is far too small for the large congregation. A wire was received from Tientsin saying that Admiral Seymour, with 500 British troops and some other foreign detachments, had actually started from Tientsin by rail. We could not tell when they would arrive, but a messenger was sent down to the station in the evening to guide them up if they should arrive before morning. An edict was issued to-day putting Prince Tuan on to the Tsung-li-Yamen, a bad sign, as he is bitterly anti-foreign. It was also rumoured that Ching, our best friend, had been deprived of his post of President, but this is probably false. The wires to Tientsin cut; one or two messages were sent by Kiatka.

11th June.—A large party of us started at

¹ An open pavilion.

² Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Minister.

4 A.M. for the station to meet the Admiral's force at Machiapu, but there was no sign of any train between there and Fengtai, and we went back at about 8 A.M., taking the carts with us. In the afternoon a Japanese Legation Secretary, who was going down to the station in a cart, was attacked and murdered by several Chinese soldiers. We also heard that the summer Legation building near Fengtai had been burnt, and the family of the keeper killed. The place had just been furnished, and Lady MacDonald lost a lot of things which could never be replaced. Later in the morning I went to the Bank with Houston; the compradore told us that the situation in the city was getting worse, and that the officials are powerless; he was strongly against our going back to live in the Bank, even with a guard.

The Japanese, on hearing of the murder of their Legation Secretary, wished to send a party down to the spot to avenge him, but this would have been madness, and finally a letter was sent to the Yamen demanding an explanation.

The Kiatka telegraph line has stopped working, so we are now cut off from the outer world.

12th June.—Persistent Chinese rumours of fighting down on the railway, but no news of the troops. The telegraph authorities accepted two wires for Europe *via* Kiatka again, so apparently the line is repaired. D. and I occupied the morning in making a putting course on the lawn, which was well patronised in the evening. We hear that the body of the murdered Japanese is still lying outside the Yung-ting gate, in spite of demands made to the Yamen. In the evening a large fire was reported in the Chinese city, but it cannot have been a mission building. We hear that the Kiatka wire is again blocked, and so they are sending the messages by courier to Tientsin.

13th June.—Quiet all day. In the evening we heard as follows :—(1) That Admiral Seymour is somewhere on the railway line with a force of about 1,500. He is repairing the line as he goes. (2) That there was a fight with Boxers, in which three British were wounded and sixty Boxers killed. (3) That 1,920 Russians are marching from Tongku. A Boxer in full dress was captured in Legation Street by Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, who was so

excited that he nearly killed the poor wretch, who was only a boy of sixteen, by beating him over the head with a stick. The Chinese asked that the lad should be handed over to them, but this was refused; and it has not been decided what to do with him. An ancient Fu or palace, which lies between the Bank of China and the Austrian Legation, was raided this evening, and several Boxer swords and scarves were captured.

At about 7.30 P.M. two large fires were seen in the east, and several rifle shots were heard, so we were ordered to our posts. I went with Captain Poole and six Marines to the North Yu Ho bridge, which is at the top of the road in which our Legation stands, and there we stayed all night, Poole and I taking turns at relieving each other. We had a little fun, stopping small bands of cavalry who wanted to pass and frightening them fearfully. The Austrians, a quarter of a mile up the road, occasionally fired viciously at imaginary foes; amongst other things, they succeeded in cutting all the electric-light wires which stretched across the road to their north. As we found out in the morning, a large band of Boxers had come in by the Ha Ta Men and rushed north, burning every missionary building

and foreign house they could find. A few tried to rush up Legation Street, but were easily driven back by the French and Italians, who drove some of them back right through the Ha Ta Men and barred that gate behind them. A fearful lot of damage was done; the great Roman Catholic mission called the Tung T'ang, the London Mission, American Board, and school for the Blind Mission Houses were all gutted, as well as all the private houses of the Nan Yuan University and Custom officials.

14th June.—In the morning I went with Houston to see if the Bank had suffered. We found that, though they had broken all the front windows, no further damage had been done, and the compradore told how he had succeeded in persuading them that it was a Chinese Institution. While we were out, fires in the west city told us that the Boxers were at work in the various missions in that quarter, and soon a few refugees confirmed the news. Barricades have been put up in Legation Street, which has now been cleared of Chinese, and outside the Italian Legation we saw the body of a Boxer, who was shot last night; a villainous-looking scoundrel

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he was too. Many of the Legation servants have fled, and those still with us dare not go out to the markets. My boy is at present cooking for us in the Chancery mess, and we get fed somehow, though provisions are getting scarce, and ice &c. nearly unprocurable. At 11.30 I went out with D. to buy some food, of which there is but little available. When I came back I found that I was detailed for guard on the bridge, with Captain Poole. We had a small row with some of Tung Lu Hsiang's soldiers, who have been sent to patrol the North Bridge, and one of them actually tried to fire his Mannlicher carbine at us. Eventually we had to double our picket, and the discipline of our men evidently impressed them and nothing more happened. A Boxer was captured by our men at the North Bridge just before Poole and I came on, and was taken to the Legation. It is rumoured that the Boxers were collecting in force at the Ch'ien Men and wished to attack us, and a few actually tried to rush up Legation Street and were fired on and driven back by the Russians.

11.30.—We have just had our first brush with the Boxers, which turned out as follows:

—Halliday¹ was in charge of the North Bridge picket and I was acting as his interpreter. At about 11. P.M. we noticed that all up Dusty Lane the Chinese were lighting torches, and imagined it to be some kind of joss-pidgin. Later on, however, they formed into line and advanced towards our picket, which, of course, had by this time been formed up ready to receive them. I shouted to them in Chinese to stop, but their only answer was a wild yell of 'Sha! sha!' ('Kill! kill!'), so I advised Halliday to order his men to fire, which they did. After the first few shots they all threw themselves on the ground, praying, according to the Boxer custom, to be saved from the bullets, and the Marines, thinking they were praying for mercy, ceased fire. Then one of their leaders rushed forward with a huge poleaxe and was shot dead by the sergeant. Then the whole crowd retreated, and we followed them up Dusty Lane for fifty yards. We found only three dead and two wounded. We then retired to our picket on the bridge. Just after this Captain Strouts came up and took a few Marines up the lane again; they found the crowd had again

¹ Captain in command of the Marine Guards.

collected, and had to shoot one madman who tried single-handed to rush them. After this I went to bed.

15th June.—No signs of troops as yet. I was on duty at the bridge from 4 A.M. till 6.30, but all was quiet. As it grew light a good many people collected round the bodies of the men killed last night. At 10.30 A.M. Houston and I went up to the Bank. We found on the way that the Austrians and Customs men were in hourly expectation of an attack. We heard the story of the attack on the Bank from the com-pradore, and eventually went back by Legation Street, in which we saw many Roman Catholic converts rescued by the American Marines from the burning Nan T'ang this morning. In the afternoon Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, persuaded Sir Claude to allow a party of twenty Marines to go out and bring in some more refugees. They and a party of Germans succeeded in bringing in some 200 Christians and in killing a few Boxers whom they caught in the act of perpetrating barbarous cruelties on the poor victims of their hatred. I was not on this expedition, as I did not know of it till too late,

but I spent the afternoon quietly in reading and sleeping. At 5.30 I chloroformed a Chinaman wounded in last night's fight, while Dr. Poole tried to find the bullet—unsuccessfully. It was reported by spies that the Boxers were wanting to attack us, but none of them appeared. The Russians captured several Boxers to-day, one of whom was caught in the act of trying to set fire to their Legation. There were several fires seen in the distance to-day. We searched the Su Wang Fu, a Chinese Prince's palace which is just opposite us, and which has long been suspected as a harbourage for Boxers. The outer courtyard of this palace is being used for the accommodation of the Roman Catholic refugees rescued to-day. Very quiet to-night, and no sign of any attack on the part of the Chinese.

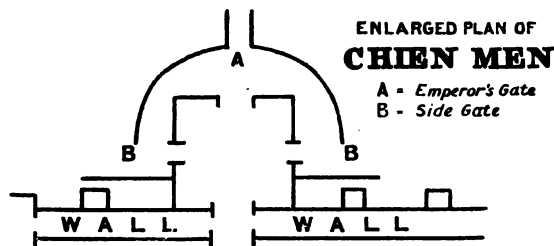
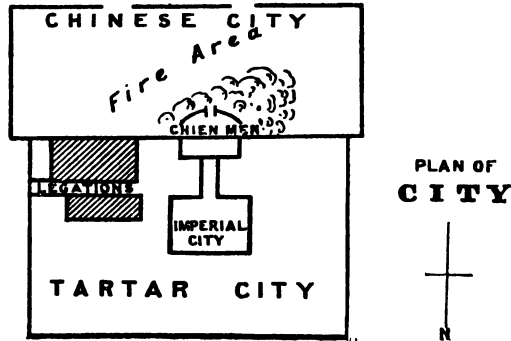
16th June.—While at breakfast I heard that another rescue party was going out, so made haste to join them; there were twenty of our Marines, ten Americans, and six Japanese and a few civilians. Our chief object was to bring in a Roman Catholic family of which we knew, and we started up the Chang An Chih, turning off it

opposite the Austrian Legation. About 300 yards up this turning Dr. Poole, who was in front, saw a man in Boxer dress dart down a lane on our right, and we accordingly turned off and attacked the place he had taken refuge in, which was a small temple. The occupants received us with yells and showers of stones, but after a few volleys through the outer gate we forced our way in and found about forty Boxers in the inner building of a small Taoist temple. We poured bullets into this freely, and finally broke down the wooden front and door, and finished off what few Boxers remained. It was absolutely a slaughter, but we found the mangled bodies of a few prisoners, and therefore knew no mercy. In the end there were forty-six dead bodies in the temple, and we then went marching all through the East city, passing all the burnt mission-houses on our way, and finally returning by the Ha Ta Men, Ta Chieh, and Legation Street. We did not succeed in finding a single refugee in the course of our tour ; either they were all in hiding or had already been massacred by the Boxers. In the afternoon the Boxers set fire to several foreign medicine-shops just outside the Chien Men, and, as there was a

stiff breeze blowing, the fire spread with fearful rapidity, and eventually a large block of the richest jewellers, skin and silk stores was in flames. The damage must have been enormous and very little can have been saved, especially as the Boxers in some places stood round the burning houses and threatened to kill anyone who entered them. It was a grand sight, and we all went up and watched it from the Wall. About 3 P.M. the great front gate tower of the Chien Men, the entrance which faces the Imperial Palace and is only used by the Emperor, caught fire, and, in spite of the efforts of several Chinese fire-engines with all their paraphernalia of gongs, and banners, and horns, it was soon blazing furiously. Then falling bits of burning wood from it set fire to a street of wooden shops which skirts the eastern wall of the gate courtyard, and the whole place was burnt in an hour. D. and I watched the scene for a long time; it was pitiful to see poor wretches hurrying along the streets with what little they had managed to save and camping out in the waste land which stretches away under the wall of the Tartar City. We saw a few Boxers, too, swaggering along the streets,

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sword in hand, but we never got a chance of shooting at them. We also saw Chinamen risking their lives to save cats and dogs from



the blazing houses. Altogether it was a sight that will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

I went up again to the Boxer temple we raided this morning, but did not stay long, as the place was beginning to smell. It was a ghastly

sight, those forty-six bodies lying huddled together inside the temple with the hideous Taoist gods grinning above them. There were bullet-holes in all the houses round, showing how easily the Lee-Metford can pierce a wall. Indeed, it was a mercy that none of our men were shot, as the attack was utterly unorganised. Later in the evening I went back to the wall to watch the fire, which luckily died down and spared some houses that had seemed doomed. The rear gate-tower of the Chien Men also escaped, much to the relief of the soldiers on guard there, who were frantically trying to open the doors of the place, the key having been lost, and a great many old cannons for which they were responsible, being inside. D. and I went and talked with them, and found them most friendly. Another fire was started in Legation Street, evidently by a Boxer. It was fortunately got under by a Chinese fire-brigade, and in the end only two houses and a 'pailow,' or ornamental arch across the street, were destroyed. An unfortunate Chinese fire-man was killed by the Russians, who mistook him for a Boxer, his uniform of bright yellow misleading them. We hear from Chinese sources

that the Chief of the City Police has been degraded and his place taken by three big officials, including Ching, who seem to be anxious to help and protect us in any way the Ministers may desire.

17th June.—We heard this morning that a Russian force—we suppose, the two thousand who started to march from Taku—were at Tungchow, and that two Chinese officials, one an ex-Minister to Russia, had been sent to meet them and to beg them to stay outside the city. Just about 12 o'clock there was a little incident which caused us all to rush to our various stations in case there should be an attack on us. We found afterwards the row had begun up at the electric light station, where a few German soldiers were stationed. Some of Tung Fu Hsiang's Kansuh soldiers happened to be passing and began abusing and throwing stones, whereupon the Germans fired on them and killed and wounded several. The whole party then fled towards the Imperial City gate, and apparently this must have roused the other Chinese troops, as they began to fire promiscuously in all directions. Captain Strouts went up Dusty

Lane with some Marines from the North Bridge picket to see what was the matter, but did not come across anyone suspicious, so, as it was not wise to go far with such a small force, they retired; bullets were flying freely down the lane, though it was impossible to see whence they came. Fortunately none of our men were hit, and the incident soon closed. It is a pity the Germans ever fired at all, and a similar mistake was made by the Americans and Russians early this morning, when they fired on some Chinese Police who were quietly patrolling the streets. Of course it is a nuisance having these Chinese soldiers knocking around at all, but it is very bad policy on our part to irritate them and thus invite them to make common cause with the Boxers. There are thousands and thousands of soldiers in the city now, and if, as is only too possible, they attacked us in force, we should find it hard to repel them, as we have few enough men and no guns except a quick-firer or two.

We caught another Boxer this morning on the North Bridge, and he is being kept for the present until they decide what to do with him. The Russians caught ten suspicious characters

at the back of their Legation, and they have to-day handed them over to the Chinese, who have promised to execute them all. I doubt if they will, and though they invited the Russians to send a man to see the thing done they must have known that under the present circumstances no foreigner would care to risk going to such a place as Tung Fu Hsiang's camp, where the execution was to take place.

A messenger sent out by the Americans yesterday returned with the story that he could not get past Huangsun, as nearly 30,000 Boxers and soldiers were blocking the line a little to the south, and that the foreign troops under Admiral Seymour had been forced to retire to Yangtsun. There are various other rumours to the effect that the relief force is cut off from Tientsin and altogether is in a tight place. Probably these are exaggerations; but it is certainly strange that they have not got here yet after starting seven days ago and having the railway line for part of the eighty miles between here and Tientsin. The force is very small for the purpose, and it is quite possible that it may have met an overwhelming force of Chinese. I only hope, if so, that they have got

back safely. We should all be very glad to see any relief force, as we know that during the last week or so it has been just a toss-up whether the soldiers were to attack us or not, and it is only through the powerful influence of two men—Prince Ching and Jung Lu—that they have not.

The Yamen are fairly polite just now, but we are by no means out of the wood yet, and any day may bring a new turn of affairs not pleasant for us. Tung sent down an officer to the North Bridge to-day, whom Sir Claude interviewed, and who wanted to know why our men had fired on his this morning. Sir Claude, of course, said that it was the Germans who had fired, and that only on provocation being given. The officer explained the stone-throwing on the ground that his men, being half-tamed savages from Kansuh, were always frightened at the sight of foreigners, that their livers turned to water, and they became scarcely responsible for their actions. The upshot was that he promised that if our men did not fire at them theirs would not fire at us. Altogether the situation is a difficult one, as, in spite of all orders, the Americans and Russians will fire at every

Chinaman who has any bit of red in his uniform, under the idea that he is a Boxer. They also will persist in firing at night, even at such harmless things as dogs and cats. At the present moment I can hear constant single shots in the American direction.

18th June.—A very quiet night, though the Americans fired a lot of volleys down the road which goes along under the city wall. They had seen a few Chinese in the distance, and accordingly arranged to fire volleys every quarter of an hour down the road on the off chance of hitting anyone who might be coming along. *Result*—One dog killed. It is extraordinary that their officers do not forbid such a reckless, foolish, and unwarrantable waste of ammunition. The story we heard yesterday about the Russian troops being at Tungchow turns out to be utterly false, and relief seems as far off as ever. In the morning I went for a walk on the wall, but saw nothing. Some Germans who went along to the Ha Ta Men stated that a large number of Boxers were gathering outside that gate, and the Chinese reported that they were coming in to burn Dr.

Coltman's house, which stands just under the wall on this side of it.

Five Yamen Ministers paid an official visit to Sir Claude to-day, and begged him to take heart, &c., as things were quieting down. They also asked us not to shoot any more Chinese soldiers, or raid Boxer temples; they in turn promised to shoot all Boxers on sight, and this time they used the proper Chinese term for Boxers, instead of substituting such terms as brigands, &c., as they have done hitherto, and thus have been secretly encouraging the anti-foreign societies, by issuing edicts which were easily understood by the Chinese to have a double meaning.

I heard this evening at the Club what the Chinese thought of the great fire which devastated their richest district of shops. It is certainly interesting, as it shows how utterly ignorant and superstitious even the well-to-do Chinese are. It appeared that the Boxers first intended only to burn the patent medicine stores, where the fire started. Their leader explained to the crowd that by standing round the burning buildings and holding their hands in a certain way with the fingers close together, and also by

muttering certain charms, they would prevent the fire from spreading to the adjoining buildings. Later on, when a theatre next door caught, the people accused them of being frauds; but they explained by saying that one of the crowd had thrown a bucket of dirty water on one of the burning houses, and that their leader, noticing this act of insolence, had opened his fingers, and that now the fire must be allowed to do its worst. Later on yet, when the front gate tower of the Chien Men caught fire, the crowd asked how they could be so disloyal to the Son of Heaven as to allow his private and sacred portal to be destroyed, and the Boxers glibly explained that this was a sign of the anger of the gods at the Emperor's behaviour of two years ago—*i.e.* when he tried to inaugurate reform and wore foreign clothes, &c. This also satisfied the people, and nearly everyone is now burning incense to the Boxer chief, and they have a vast respect for his miraculous powers. Of course, those who have lost their all (and they are many) are not so well disposed; but they dare not show their hatred openly. The amount of damage done is immense. Looking from the top of the Chien Men, one can see some 200

or 300 acres of ruined houses, which once used to be the most prosperous and well-stocked shops in the city. The ruins extend down the Chien Men Ta Chieh for close on a mile, and, as the first fire was close to the gate, and the wind was from the south, the Boxers must have fired houses in many different places. It is said that they killed several people who attempted to put out the fires, and no doubt they did; most likely, too, not a few must have perished in the flames before they could escape.

It is pouring with rain this evening, and there is not a Chinaman out of doors to-night. It is a good time for the Admiral to press on, as he will meet with little opposition while the rain lasts. We hear that he is at Langfang, half-way from Tientsin, and that he has met with much opposition, but we have absolutely no reliable news. The Chinese are beginning to think that our Government are not so formidable as they thought, and seem to imagine that they do not intend to send any relief to us. Every day's delay means the loss of so much 'face' to us, as well as rendering our position more risky.

19th June.—Very quiet last night. This morning I went up to watch two fires in the Chinese city, one of which we believe is the telegraph office; there were also four right away to the north, one of which was outside the city, and was most likely the Roman Catholic settlement of Cha-la-eul. What the others were we do not know; but I fancy that every single mission building in that quarter is already burnt, and that the Boxers are now trying to destroy the property of those Chinese officials who, like Ching and Yuan Ch'ang, have more or less moderate and pro-foreign views.

At 4 P.M. a thunderbolt was dropped into our midst in the shape of an ultimatum from the Chinese Government, saying that the foreign Admirals at Taku had demanded that the forts should be given up to them, and that consequently war had been declared. They therefore pointed out that diplomatic relations must cease, and they ordered that all foreigners should leave Peking within twenty-four hours. This certainly was rather a startling turn of affairs, and a Ministers' meeting was at once held. At this it was decided to accede to the request (only one Minister—namely, von Ketteler—dissenting);

only it was arranged to go to the Yamen in the morning to ask for more time, and for arrangements to be made as regards transport &c. A good many people seemed to favour this decision, but some of us, including Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, are convinced that it would be madness to trust ourselves in the open with a four-mile line of transport carts and 300 women and children. The poor Chinese refugees, who were saved by us a few days ago, were aghast at the idea of being left behind to the tender mercies of the Boxers, and I think it certainly would be an indelible stain on our honour if we were to leave them thus, after our missionaries had brought them into this hole by forcing them to estrange themselves from their fellows, and to give up their most sacred duties.

Briefly, I think there are five very good reasons why we should not go :—

1. Probably the Chinese are only ‘bluffing,’ and would not openly attack us if we refused to go.
2. Very likely it is a trick of Prince Tuan to get us out in the open and have us slaughtered at leisure. (This turned out correct.)
3. Because the country swarms with Boxers,

and the Chinese could not be certain of protecting us, even if they wanted to.

4. We should lose 'face' horribly.

5. Transport difficulties would be very great, and we could not take the Christians without immense difficulty.

However, it is not really settled what we are to do. We are not away, and I doubt if we shall really go. The Ministers have sent to the Yamen to ask for an interview at 9 A.M. to-morrow, and after we hear the result of this we may know something definite as to the future.

20th June.—The plot thickens distinctly. This morning, when the Ministers were to have gone to the Yamen, they were warned by a friendly Chinese not to go. Baron von Ketteler and his interpreter, however, went, starting about 9.15, with a small guard, which he sent back on meeting some Chinese soldiers in the Ha Ta Men Street. Shortly afterwards he was shot in the head by a soldier who was following behind his chair, and must have been killed instantly. Mr. Cordes, the interpreter, at once jumped out of his chair, and was also shot through the

groin. However, by an extraordinary piece of luck he was able to dart down a side lane and make his way as far as the Hsiao Hu-'tung'sh Mission compound, where he was picked up by the inmates, and sent to the hospital in this Legation.

This outrage clearly showed to the Ministers what folly it would be to attempt to leave Peking under the so-called protection of the Chinese Government, and it was determined to stay and defend ourselves as best we could. As a first step all women and children were ordered into the British Legation, and for the rest of the day they poured into the place, and were disposed in the various houses and places, such as the chapel. All the Legation officials turned out of their rooms, and the men took their bedding and a few necessities up to one of the T'ing'rhs, or entrance pavilions, in front of the Chief's house. Altogether, by evening there were close on a thousand souls in the compound, which is only about three acres in extent, and of them about three hundred were foreign women and children. Most of these people had to come in without any baggage or stores, as there seems to have been a regular

panic in some cases. Some of the missionaries brought a lot more of their converts with them, and these were stowed away with the rescued Roman Catholics in Su Wang Fu, a palace we had to take for purposes of defence.

At 4 P.M. the twenty-four hours allowed to us by the Yamen to leave expired, and punctually at that hour we heard firing up in the direction of the Austrian Legation, and a French volunteer was killed and an Austrian sailor wounded.

Just about the same time, while I was standing behind the barricade at our front gate, I saw on the North Bridge (from where we had taken in our picket) a foreign figure, to whom we whistled and signalled to come back. He paid no attention, however, and the next minute we heard a shot, and saw him run across the bridge and disappear behind the far side, after which we heard several volleys and saw him no more. Some of our sentries at a post closer to the bridge than I was said that the unfortunate man was led away captive by two Chinese soldiers. In any case there is no doubt that he has been killed by this time. It was out of the question trying to rescue him, and was entirely

his own fault, as he had been warned against leaving the Legation. His name we afterwards found was Huberty James; he was a teacher in the Peking University, and from all accounts a very able man.

Soon after this bullets came flying freely at the top of the main gate where I was stationed. We could not see where the shots came from, and they probably were firing at the Union Jack which waved there. The place was not sand-bagged in any way, so eventually, as we were not doing any good up there, I had to take the men down. This sniping went on all the evening, and we heard much firing at the Austrian Legation. Some of the Customs staff came over to us and reported that the Chinese soldiers were firing from the roofs of houses round about. After dinner, which I had with the rest of the Chancery mess in the Chief's house, I went back to my post, and with the help of one of my Marines succeeded in dragging up bit by bit the material for two big sandbags on to the top of the gate tower so as to form the beginnings of a proper loophole wall, and to make a temporary look-out place.

My boy to-day volunteered to take a letter to Tientsin, so he was sent with one from

Sir Claude to the Consul, and was promised 100 dollars if he got through quickly. It is rather doubtful whether he will ever get there, as all the Customs and other couriers have been turned back during the last few days. Things do not look very cheerful unless help comes soon. We have only got seventy-nine Marines and an old-fashioned clumsy Nordenfeldt machine-gun which always jams every four shots. If the Chinese Government turn all their soldiers and their modern guns on us it may be very unpleasant. Still, we are all quite happy just now, even the women—or at least the British ones—and I have no doubt we shall win through.

21st *June*.—Three hours' sleep, and up at 4 A.M. to try and get coolies to make the gate tower into a tenable position. It was nearly 6 A.M. before I got the coolies, but, once started, we got on famously, and by 9 A.M. had made the place fairly safe, in spite of the fact that bullets were flying over us all the time, sometimes so close that the coolies got scared. At about 8 A.M. a party of Boxers came quietly marching across the bridge in full view, with banners flying. The officer on duty at the gate barricade did

not fire at first, as he thought they were friendly soldiers. However, we opened fire on them when about half were over and killed a few. A little afterwards we heard the Austrians' machine-gun going, so I fancy they must have got at them too. After breakfast there was a lot of firing from the Imperial Carriage Park, which lies behind part of the Legation. Our men managed to pick off several of the snipers, who were dodging in and out behind the trees, and this soon stopped them. There was a bit of sniping at our own men working on the front gate redoubt, but this was at last silenced by some Japanese, who have a barricade on the other side of the canal, and we were able to improve the redoubt immensely. Late in the evening the Boxers set fire to one of the Austrian Legation houses, and the Chargé d'Affaires and his wife had to leave hastily, and even the Marine guard abandoned the place for a few hours. There were other fires, which we fancy must be the Imperial Bank and the Mint, but we could not be certain.

22nd June.—Up at 4 A.M., to find the Chinese sniping hard from the top of the road; still we

managed to do a good bit at the barricades. At 9 A.M. we were astonished to see all the foreign contingents come in to us, having left their Legations. This step had been ordered by an Austrian Captain (naval) who is up on a holiday, and had taken on himself the command of the troops. A Ministers' meeting was held, and Sir Claude was chosen Commandant, and at once ordered the various bodies to retake their Legations. This was done in most cases, though the Italian and Austrian Legations were already in flames. The Germans and Americans were, fortunately, able to reoccupy their positions on the city wall. Altogether it was a most unfortunate business.¹

The French found a mob of Chinese in their place, and killed a good many, and the Germans had likewise a little fighting, losing one sailor, while two Italians were wounded. A big gun then commenced to fire from the Chien Men, and some of the shells flew right over us. We thought it must be Prince Ching's troops firing at the Boxers who had been burning and looting the Customs Inspectorate, all the more as last night they had been actually seen by the

¹ This Austrian officer was killed later on.

Austrian Chargé and others to attack and kill some Boxers.

We changed our opinion, however, when we heard that 3-inch Krupp shells were bursting over the Russian Bank and the United States Legation. Not very much damage was done, however. In the afternoon the Chinese set fire to some native houses immediately behind, and almost adjoining the Chinese Secretary's house, and we all had to work like steam to get it under. Even the women turned out to pass buckets; I was right in front with the hose, and nearly fell through the roof of an outhouse in my attempts to get near to the fire. After about an hour's work we got it fairly under. The Chinese were sniping at us all the time we were putting out the fire, but no one was hurt then. Later in the day a Marine, who was posted on a certain flat roof in the stables, was shot dead.

This evening a patrol was sent into the Hanlin College grounds, which adjoin ours on the north, and which must be a fearful danger to us in case of their firing the buildings, as some of them are only a few feet from ours. I think they will set fire to them, and then, even if

we stop it from spreading, we shall afterwards have to occupy the ruins.

23rd June.—Sniping all night from the houses in the Mongol Market ; one of the missionaries also very nearly started another alarm of fire on the general committee. I just managed to stop him from ringing the bell, and asked him to wait till we found where the fire was ; it proved to be a good half-mile away, somewhere in Legation Street.

We found that all the houses on the west and north sides of the Mongol Market had been freely loopholed, and tried the effect of the Italian one-pounder on them ; however, it was not much good, as it just went through the walls, only making a small hole.

About 10.30 the Chinese started a tremendous fusillade from the Hanlin, which the patrol last night had found so quiet and harmless. They then set fire to some buildings that immediately adjoin the Chief's stables, which are in a little *cul-de-sac* running off the main compound. When the fire-engines came up we took them up the lane, and eventually succeeded in preventing the fire from spreading. In the

meantime steps were taken to occupy the part of the Hanlin next the students' quarters, where there had been another small fire, and a hole was made in the wall for easier communication.

After tiffin a large party was sent in to the place, and some buildings which endangered our position particularly were pulled down. They were full of valuable books and archives, many of which were destroyed or spoilt. A few were saved, so as to show the Yamen that we had only destroyed the place for safety's sake, and not for spite. I fancy most of the present dynasty's records were saved, as we saw much being taken away from there some ten days ago ; indeed, I believe that this was done with the purpose of making it possible to burn the Hanlin with little damage to themselves.

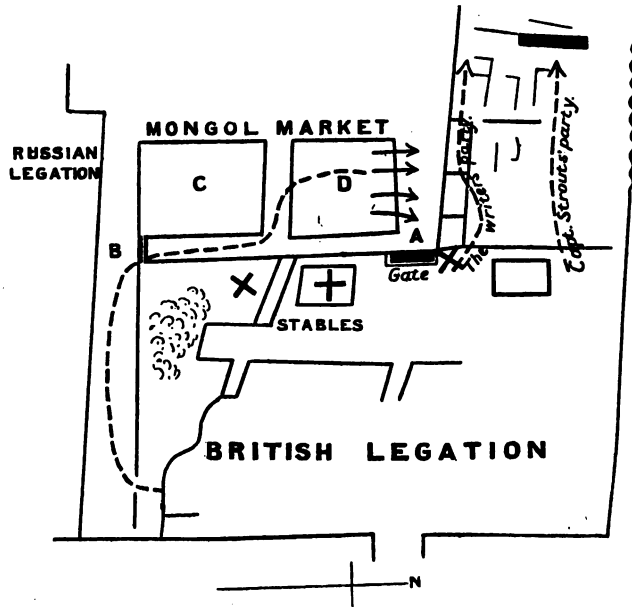
It is said the Boxers have burnt all the Boards and Government offices, and possibly have threatened the palace, but this is not likely, and I am sure it is not Boxers only but Imperial troops who are fighting us. We are always hearing heavy guns in various directions, but cannot imagine what they are.

Late in the afternoon the Chinese set fire to the whole front of the Hanlin buildings, but did

us no harm, though we did take out a small hose to put out some of the big trees near us which were smouldering in an unpleasant way. Outside, too, there have been a lot of fires : the Japs, Americans, Russians, and Peking Hotel all have been set fire to. All were put out easily enough. One of the Customs men was wounded, also two Italian sailors. We are in a pretty tight hole now, but with luck and hard work can hold out for a bit. We are fairly well off for food, as some of our people have been told off to loot all the shops inside the cordon, and have found plenty of corn and maize as well as rice and millet, which last is quite the best food for the Chinese converts.

24th June.---We had several fires to-day, the worst being over at the South Stables. The Chinese first set fire to the house with a flat roof which immediately adjoins our stable gate, and then they started to pile up wood against the gate (A) itself. A small party of Marines went round to the Russian barricade (B), and over it and along the small lane to the left. Dr. Morrison and I, having seen that the fires were in no immediate danger of spreading to any of

our buildings, joined the Marines, and proposed to break into the house (D), which was fairly large, and evidently the residence of a wealthy man, as shown by the good furniture and clothes. I took three men into the place, and we made



our way to the north wall of the compound, in which we quickly hacked out some loopholes through which we could command the gate and stop the Chinese from throwing wood into the fire beneath the gate, which was already

dangerously near falling in and exposing the crowd of people working the fire-engines and the lines of buckets to the fire from the Chinese loopholes across the Mongol Market.

We blazed pretty freely from our loopholes through the doors of the houses where the Chinese were holding their guns over the high window-sills and popping them off anyhow. The Marine corporal was very keen on going back into the lane and rushing the place; and this was feasible enough, as there was a gate which the Chinese had deserted owing to a smart shot through the half-open gate, which killed one of their men on the spot. Still, I could not do it without Strouts' leave, so I rushed back to the Legation to get him. I found that he had already started with a sortie-party, and was taking a line close under the Carriage Park wall. He gave me five men to go along a parallel line in the front of the houses, and I also called my original party from over the lane, and then charged down the somewhat noxious collection of halls and sleeping-rooms and courtyards which make up a Chinese street.

The Chinese peppered us a bit, but no

harm was done except a graze or two. Strouts' party had meantime been stopped by a high barricade with no entrance, and, though the two parties met at this point, we did not try to go any further on my side, and therefore retired, burning the Chinese houses behind us. There were six or seven Chinese soldiers lying dead or wounded in various corners. We captured a dozen old Mauser (1870 pattern) rifles, and a fair amount of ammunition, as well as some swords &c., and the uniforms of dead soldiers, which showed them to be Tung Fu Hsiang's Kansuh troops. We got no other loot, as we had to retire quickly owing to the fires we had kindled. D. was in Strouts' party, and had the satisfaction of killing his first man. At the beginning Captain Halliday, of the Marines, who was originally in command of the party, came upon four Chinese just round a corner at a time when he was several yards in front of his men. He was rather badly hit in the shoulder, the ball just touching the lung. He managed to shoot four Chinese before he fell.

I had scarcely returned from this, when I saw from the stable quarter a pile of wood in a ruined temple just south of us, blazing up hotly.

Evidently it had started from a stray spark, and by the time we had the engines up the whole temple was blazing. With great difficulty we kept it from spreading to our building, and the heat was so great that Tweed and I had to take turns at guiding the nozzle, as the smoke and heat could only be borne for a minute or two at a time. After that we tried to get at it from the top of our stable roof, and were eventually rewarded by seeing it pass round the corner without catching any of our houses. I was just going to tiffin, half an hour later, when I heard that the fire had turned in our direction again, and was threatening one of the Mafoo's houses, but by getting on our roofs, and pushing down the roofs of the burning houses with long poles, we prevented it from catching our buildings for the time being, so, after setting a man to watch, we got away for some food. After tiffin I got some coolies and a couple of our best missionaries, and had the houses just under the First Secretary's house pulled down, which we did so thoroughly as to prevent any more fear of fire in that direction.

It has been a very hard day altogether, and I am very tired. Strouts has just asked me to

take over Halliday's officer's watch and his section of the defence, which includes the whole east wall and the front gate. I suppose it is a great compliment, and, in any case, it is better than doing solitary sentry-go in one place all night.

We hear that the Americans on the wall made an unsuccessful attempt to advance on the Chien Men, but there were two or three thousand Chinese, and six or seven barricades on the way, so they had to retire.

There is a Chinese rumour that Admiral Seymour and his men are just outside the outer gates, but of course we do not believe that. A Jap spy, however, reported that they were seen at Langfang (thirty miles away) the day before yesterday.

25th June.—A pretty quiet night on the whole. I took the 10 P.M. to 12 officer's watch, and found it hardish work, as it was pitch dark, and one has to visit every sentry in the place once each hour, which means stumbling and groping along dark lanes and up staircases without ever lighting a match, which usually draws fire on us. At 11.40 there was a

tremendous fusillade, which made all the men stand to their posts, but I found that in no case were many bullets coming close to our sentries, so we suppose the whole thing was a sort of firework exhibition designed to terrify the demons who, according to the Chinese, are hovering over and protecting us. There was also a small fire which alarmed some nervous persons, who insist on prowling about with loaded and cocked shot-guns on their shoulders; but it was easily got out, though it kept me up till nearly 1 A.M. We heard some big-gun firing during the night, and in the morning got word that the Americans and some Germans had advanced on the Chien Men, and had actually got within 200 yards of it, but could not get any further as there were several big guns and thousands of soldiers manning it. It was a pity they did not let us know, as we could have sent up some men, and, though we might have lost one or two, I am sure that no number of Chinese would have stood a determined charge. The Americans had coolies up all night making their barricade stronger, as the Chinese were using their 3 in. Krupps against it last night and this morning, when they also brought a one-pounder against it. Some

damage was done, but it was soon repaired, and the one-pounder belonging to the Italians was brought up, and with a few well-placed shots silenced both Chinese guns. The Italian gunner was knocked down and stunned as he was placing the gun in position, but was not badly hurt.

There was also some trouble in the Su Wang Fu, which lies just opposite our east front, and this probably accounted for the furious firing heard by us in the night. The Japs sent over for reinforcements as the Chinese were making a determined effort to break the wall of a temple at the north-east corner of the Fu, besides keeping up a hot fire from roofs of houses round about. An attempt was made at a sortie to burn the houses to the north of the Fu, but on closer investigation it was found to be too risky and the idea was abandoned. During the night and early morning one Jap was killed and five wounded, and there was also one German killed at their barricade on the wall, which is just above their Legation and about a quarter of a mile east of the Americans'.

The firing went on all morning, and, though about tiffin time that on the city wall slackened

off a bit, the Fu and French Legation got it hotter than ever.

Bullets were whizzing freely through the trees of our place, and several dropped, especially on the part of the lawn where the doctors' and commissariat tents are; but no one was hurt.

Personally I have been working at the fortification of my section all the morning, and had an hour's doze after tiffin, going back to work at 3.30 P.M.

About 4.30 P.M. a curious incident took place. A man came on to the North Bridge bearing a placard which he waved in front of him, and finally hung on the parapet of the bridge. The translation was as follows: 'Imperial orders received. It is forbidden to open fire. A despatch to be delivered at the North Yu Ho Bridge.' The messenger then went back, and we made arrangements for sending out a man to get the despatch, strict orders being given not to fire.

I went up to our post on the roof of the North Stables to watch developments. Tours was there to interpret, and also our herald. Before long a couple of Jung Lu's soldiers came hurriedly out of Dusty Lane and went on to the

bridge. We shouted to them to stop and sent the Chinaman to speak to them, but just at that moment an Italian who was doing sentry on the wall of the Fu, just opposite us, fired on them, whereon they of course ran away. Soon another party, some of them mounted and unarmed, appeared and waved to us in a friendly manner, after which several others came past, but none of them would stop nor did any seem to have any despatch. One soldier did stop, and after many friendly gesticulations began to try and catch one of several stray ponies which had been turned out by us for lack of space. He managed to get hold of one after a little by lassoing it with a girdle, and then, instead of bringing it to us as a peace-offering as we thought he would do, he calmly waved to us once more and vanished round the corner, leaving us roaring with laughter at his sublime cheek.

The people inside the Hanlin saw numbers of these soldiers in the street outside. D. had a talk with one, who said that he and his comrades had been ordered to go about and stop all firing on the foreign Ministers, and that we might expect a letter shortly. He professed to

know nothing of any foreign troops between here and Tientsin. He was told if the despatch came before dark to send it with a white flag down to the main gate, but that otherwise it must wait till next day.

We hear that a large body of Tung Fu Hsiang's troops are advancing on the American barricade on the wall, but there has been no sound of a heavy fusillade so far. The Chinese have erected barricades all the way along to the Chien Men, and the nearest one is only 100 yards off and was rather cleverly built by making a hole in the wall of the ramp and then building the barrier across the wall brick by brick.

Curiously enough, for nearly an hour after the placard was posted the sniping round us ceased suddenly and entirely, except for one man who put in a shot once in five minutes, hitting the same spot each time.

This shows that the Chinese troops are more or less under control of the Government, and not merely an unorganised rabble of mutineers, as some have thought. It may be that the Government has heard of the near approach of the relief force and are climbing down. By now,

i.e. 6 P.M., in spite of the order to cease fire, the sniping has recommenced as heavily as ever, and the Chinese are trying to build a barricade in the ruins of the Mongol Market houses which we burnt yesterday. Our men have potted two, but they are still going on in their usual plodding way, with a little simple cunning added in the way of putting up dummies to draw our fire.

9 P.M.—Sniping going on merrily but doing no harm. It has just been reported that a white and a green rocket have been seen and heavy guns have been heard to our south; consequently many rash people conclude that ‘it must be the troops,’ which I utterly disbelieve myself. In fact, I rather hope it isn’t, as I am really enjoying this and we are by no means hard pressed as yet. The promised despatch has not yet appeared, and I don’t suppose it ever will. It may be that the messenger did not reach here till after dusk; but personally I think it is a trick, though the thing looked genuine enough. My watch is from 12 to 2 A.M., and I know that I for one, at any rate, will take good care that the sentries keep an extra sharp watch to-night.

26th June.—We had a pretty quiet night last night. At midnight, just as I was going on my tour of watch, a furious fusillade started from the Carriage Park, and a Marine rushed up to the main gate shouting for the officer of the watch; he told me wildly that the Chinese were in the compound, but on being cross-questioned could give no particulars, so that I, of course, did not believe it. I took the precaution of warning the missionary in the bell-tower not to touch the bell on any account until I found out what was really up. I went first to the Hanlin, waking up D. (who was sleeping in the 'Ting'rh') on the way, and found that the Chinese were blazing over the Carriage Park wall by simply holding their rifles above their heads and firing into the air. I then visited the North Stables, where the men had evidently realised that it was only a 'firework exhibition,' as I had told them on a similar occasion last night.

After about half an hour the fusillade stopped as suddenly as it began, and I slept from 2.30 A.M. till 6, though I was disturbed once at 4.30 by an invitation to come and pot Boxers who were to be seen building a barricade in the Carriage Park. Needless to say I declined.

After breakfast I took a walk round all our defences, and found all quiet, though the Chinese are making loopholes and barricades everywhere.

The Americans still hold their barricade on the city wall. During the night they asked for reinforcements, as, besides the Chinese on the wall itself, there were large bodies firing at them from the street below.

The Japs are doing very well in the Su Wang Fu, and have driven the Chinese out altogether, and fired the houses to the north of it. There was a rocket seen last night at 9.30, which raised the usual vain hopes in some breasts. We have had a good deal of firing to-day, and an American sergeant has been killed. The Germans have been attacked from the Ha Ta Men, and a French civilian and an Austrian were wounded. We expect a sharp attack to-night, as Chinese trumpets are blowing freely and evidently troops are massing round us.

There is a growing danger of typhoid outside our walls in the shape of eight decomposing bodies of horses and mules, as well as dogs and Chinamen, all scattered along the road outside.

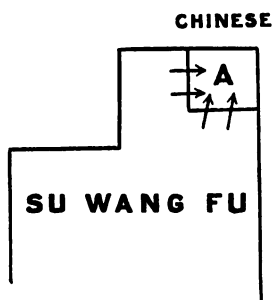
Things don't look very cheerful, and I think we shall be in a tight hole if the troops don't come in a week. The Chinese will never dare to rush, but they may kill dozens of us by shells if they go the right way about it, and especially so if the Americans have to leave the city wall. I am sure that forty of our men could, with a determined rush, take the Chien Men and take or spike the Chinese guns, but of course it would mean some risk. There is a lot of sniping going on just now, and coming unpleasantly low too. I wonder where it comes from.

27th June.—At 2.30 this morning we were all aroused by a terrific fusillade, which seemed to come chiefly on the north and west. I had just gone to my post on the gate when Strouts asked me to go out to the American barricade and have our ten men sent back. I was rather nervous at having to go through narrow lanes and passages, guided by excitable French and Russians. However, I passed all right, and a quick dash across Legation Street, where bullets were flying gaily, brought me to the Americans' place. They were much taken aback by the idea of losing our men, so, as I

could hear that the fusillade round us was over, I promised to get Strouts to reconsider his decision, which he did. I went back and rejoiced their hearts by leaving the men, and then lay down for an hour, until Percy Smith called me at 4 A.M. to take my watch, when I got up and went my rounds, and enjoyed them, as it was really a lovely morning. I got a little sleep between 6 A.M. and 8.30, and then had breakfast. Afterwards, with the help of D. and some others, I got a lot of good solid work done on the Front Gate Redoubt, which is the central point of my section of the walls.

28th June.—There was a continuous fusillade the whole night, so noisy as to alarm the ladies a good deal. It appears it is the first day of the sixth month, a particularly lucky one in Chinese eyes. There was nothing much on in the morning except that I set fire to the Red Temple in the Hanlin for Poole, and a very successful fire it was. In the afternoon D. and Dering and I went over twice to Kierulf's, and managed to bring in a good many stores, both for ourselves and for the ladies' mess. The Japs, aided by small bodies of other nations,

did a good thing this afternoon. They retired into the Fu itself to-day from a small temple (A) which they had been holding, taking care first to loophole the walls of the temple courtyards.



The Chinese rushed in pell-mell, and were simply mown down from the loopholes on their south and west. They (*i.e.* our men) then made a sortie right out to the Chang An Chieh, but found that there was a heavy cross-fire from

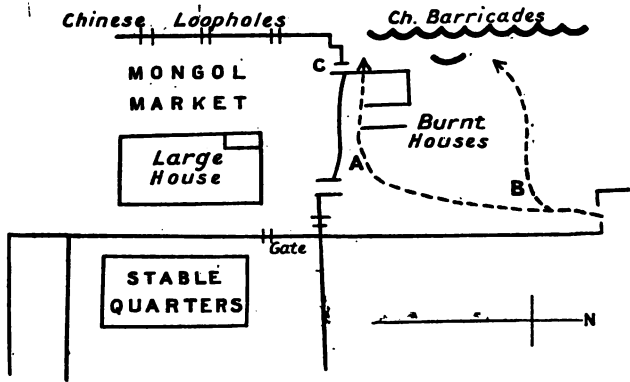
two barricades, which were manned by nearly 3,000 Chinese, so they had to return, and be content with the slaughter in the temple.

The Chinese started shelling the South Stable quarters from over the other side of the Mongol Market, and, though no one was killed, they made an awful mess of the place. One of the back rooms was literally knocked to pieces, and if it had not been good foreign stonework would inevitably have fallen in. Some of the shells went right through the back and front rooms and fell in the yard. We have had three men

wounded during the last few days by shot dropping in the compound, but none fatally.

At 7.30 P.M. the firing entirely stopped, and it seemed strangely and weirdly quiet after the din that had gone on all day.

29th June.—We all slept at our posts last night, mine being, as usual, the Main Gate. We



had the usual fireworks at 1.30 A.M., but they only lasted about ten minutes. There was another a little after 2 A.M., and at 3 A.M. we made a sortie to try and turn the enemy out of the Mongol Market. We were quite a large party, including Germans and Japs, and we went forward in two bodies up through the houses we burnt two

days ago. The officer in command took the line B with his men, and eventually came to a very high and dangerous-looking barricade. He sent five of the Marines in to take it; but it was impracticable, so eventually he brought his men over to the gate (c), to which point, at the request of Sergeant Murphy, I had guided the other half (A), not meeting with more than a stray bullet on the way.

The Chinese have been bombarding the wall of the Fu from behind the ruins of the temple, where we got them in a trap, and which was afterwards burnt. They are doing little damage, and the Japs say they can hold the wall for a good bit yet. One of the best of the Marines, by name Philips, was shot through the heart this afternoon by a ricochet bullet, which must have struck a tree. The place where he was shot was, one would have thought, about the safest in the Legation—viz. just outside the Guard-Room door, under the shadow of the Main Gate tower. It is hard lines such a purely random shot costing a man his life.

I took out a party this morning to raid a grain and bran store in the Mongol Market, and in the afternoon went over to Kierulf's, where I

found there were still a few things worth having. It is not very pleasant there now, as there is a several-days-dead Christian coolie lying in front of the door of the go-down (warehouse).

We hear that last night a party of some thirty Boxers, including a few soldiers, actually came over their barricade and tried to rush the American position. This is the first time they have tried that game, and I expect it will be the last, as the Americans turned their Colt quick-firer on them and killed at least half, besides, no doubt, wounding some, whom their friends dragged back to their barricade.

The Chinese have now barricaded the ramp just on the opposite side of the bastion to the Americans, but they cannot do much from there, and so long as the Americans can hold the wall I think our Legation will be in no very serious danger from shelling.

Constant sniping goes on all round, but it does little harm. There is a Chinese rumour that the troops left Tientsin in force last Sunday, but they are nowhere near yet, and not likely to be. There is absolutely no *reliable* news to be got.

30th June.—Hotter than ever last night. Bullets simply poured into us in an unending stream from 9.30 P.M. to 3.30 A.M., when dawn broke, and they gave us a rest. During the earlier part of the night there was a furious rain and thunderstorm, which, at first, we thought would damp the Chinese ardour. But it did not, and our men, who had to be out exposed to the weather all night, had a very poor time of it; one or two were so bad when I went my rounds about 2 A.M. that I had to get them some brandy.

About 10 P.M. we saw down to the south-east what many of the Marines vowed was a searchlight, even the trained signaller agreeing, though when I pointed out that the flashes were not in any definite order he became more doubtful. Many people really believe to-day that this was a certain sign of the troops' approach. Personally I am only too sure it was nothing of the kind.

Everybody was relieved to hear that all the noise of last night had not resulted in anyone being wounded; most of the shots were in the air, though there were hundreds of spent and ricochet bullets lying on the paths this morning.

I can remember that during my rounds last night several bullets dropped unpleasantly near and made it advisable to walk quickly past some points.

The French and the Japs in the Fu had a similar noisy experience, and a French midshipman was killed.

About 8.30 the Chinese began firing big guns from beyond the North Bridge. Several shells burst in the compound, and some seemed to go right over us. A certain amount of damage was done to some of our tiled roofs, but no one was hurt. They then began to try to batter down the wall of the Su Wang Fu, and we sent over a few men to help the Japs. D. went over, but I could not go, as I was very keen on getting the redoubt at the Main Gate strong enough to resist shells. It was just as well I did not, as when I took D. over his tiffin I found them sitting quietly at loopholes in the wall, while the Chinese shells were mostly going into the ruins of the temple outside. One had to be careful, however, as a Jap civilian was killed a few minutes before I arrived while taking a short cut over a little hill just behind and overlooking the way. I took the same short cut

going, in my ignorance, but I took care to go back by the longer way, as I don't believe in being shot to save a few seconds' walking.

The Americans, I now hear, also had a hot time on the wall, and lost a man, while two of our Marines were wounded in the German barricade, which is a quarter of a mile east of the American position.

Altogether our casualty list is getting seriously large; the total killed and wounded amounts to sixty out of a fighting population of only about 450 all told.

The shelling which alarmed us so much this morning has fortunately done no harm, probably because the Chinese are bad shots and have bad ammunition; still, if they get closer it may be unpleasant. It will be really serious if the Su Wang Fu should be taken, and if the Americans and Germans retire from the wall, as they are always saying they must do, it will be difficult, if not impossible, for Colonel Shiba to hold the place.

If only we had even one efficient big gun, we could do much in the way of stopping this shelling, but unfortunately we have only one weapon, which can do no more than five Martini

rifles, and is often out of order as well. We know nothing of what is going on in the city, let alone outside. We gather that there must be at least three or four thousand soldiers attacking us, and I fancy their ammunition is inexhaustible. They would never dare to rush, but if they managed to break our walls we should have to put all the women in the cellars of the Chief's house, and hold what part of the place we could. Some of the foreign sailors are already short of ammunition; the Italians have quite run out owing to the reckless way they fire at shadows, flashes, anything in fact; we have had to give them some of the rifles we took from the Chinese.

We are fairly well off for cartridges (though we did not bring many), as our Marines usually borrow a Martini when they want to pick off a man. The Americans have plenty, so have the Russians, provided we don't have to hold out too long.

If the relief force comes within three days we shall be all right, even if they shell us badly; but after that, if they should manage to breach our walls, we should have a tough time. Still, the enemy have not got so close as that yet.

We still hold the wall and the Fu, and must continue to do so somehow. Till *they* go there is no real cause for despair. We expect a hot night to-night, and some fresh devilment is supposed to be going on in the Carriage Park. Why there should be, simply because it is quiet, I do not know.

Sunday, 1st July.—We had a fairly quiet night in here, but the Americans and Germans on the wall were sharply attacked until heavy rain came on about 1 A.M. At dawn it was found the Chinese had in the meantime placed three field guns in position on the barricade nearest to the German position; the latter was at the time only manned by twelve men, under the charge of a corporal and a civilian, who retired before the Chinese had fired a single shot, and without having had a man even wounded. As they did so they waved a flag to the Americans, according to previous arrangement, and they too evacuated their position, as it was thought to be impossible to hold it without the protection to their east side afforded by the Germans. For some reason or other they did not inform us of their action till nearly

9 A.M., and, though everybody had till then been very cheerful, and pleased at the quiet night we had had, we were dismayed at this apparently disastrous turn of affairs.

Personally, as I slept outside the Main Gate, I had heard much firing on the wall and over in the French Legation direction, so I was not so very surprised to hear that the whole line of defence had not been having an easy time. The Americans and Germans were ordered to try and retake their positions at once, and the former, helped by thirty British, succeeded in doing so with much difficulty, though they found that the Chinese were occupying the west ramp of their bastion in force, which made the passage of the lower barricade rather risky. Still, only one American and two British were hurt in the re-capture, and if the barricade is strengthened, and traverses put up on the east ramp, I do not see why they should not hold it for several days.

The Germans found not only their barricade but also the ramp leading up to it occupied by the Chinese, who had already begun to fortify it. They therefore say they will try and take it to-night, but it would really be rather a

desperate affair, though it might be possible to succeed. They themselves will be punished more than anyone else for leaving the wall as they did, because the ramp the Chinese have taken commands a great part of their compound, and they have not thrown up any earth-works at all. The Chinese will also command the American means of ascent, though at long range; indeed, I hear that already some coolies who were sent up to strengthen the American barricade have been fired at, and six were killed. We do not reckon Chinese converts &c. in our casualty lists, but quite a number of these poor creatures, who really do work hard for us, have lost their lives already by being hit by the enemies' bullets, and over in the Fu they are dying like sheep from small-pox &c.

Captain Wray, who went up with thirty of our men to help the Americans to retake their position, was wounded in the shoulder, and one man was also wounded. These wounds, as well as that of the American above mentioned, were all more or less stray shots and not the result of any organised effort to repulse the attempts to retake the position. We can only hope now

that the Americans will hang on to the wall at all costs.

There seems to be no chance now of Admiral Seymour's force coming, and we fear he has turned back and that we shall have to hold on for days and days yet, so we have only our own selves to depend on.

The Japs have been getting it pretty hot in the Fu, as the Chinese are battering away at the wall from about thirty yards with a Krupp 3-inch gun. Our men made rather a *fiasco* of an attempt to capture this gun.

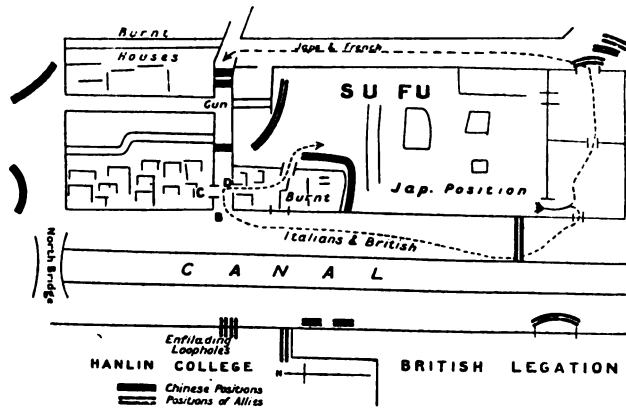
Colonel Shiba asked for a few men from us, and so five Marines and the same number of students under a corporal went over and took part in the sortie.

The affair can only be properly understood by the aid of the following rough sketch-map.

The attack was carried out as follows. The Italian officer, with his own men and ours, marched up along the Canal Road, and with a shout which was quite sufficient to awake the Chinese if they were sleeping, rushed up the lane marked (B). Here they found themselves face to face with a barricade fully ten feet high, from which the Chinese were firing madly. One

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Marine was wounded before he got ten yards up the lane and had to go back. The rest got behind a gateway (c), which sheltered them from the barricade fire; but they then found that they were being fired at from loopholes behind them,



and there was a general rush to a hole in the wall (D) just over the lane. To the credit of our students be it said, they stayed till the last, and then went over steadily, though Townsend was hit twice, in the shoulder and the leg. Young Bristow had the coolness to pick up a rifle a Marine had dropped. The Italian officer was wounded in the arm, a sailor was killed (his body was afterwards dragged in by the Chinese), and another was very badly wounded. After

this, of course, the only thing was to go back to the Fu, which they were able to do without any further exposure.

All this was watched by Captain Poole and others from our enfilading loopholes in the Hanlin, and if only the Italian officer had had a look from that place before he told Shiba he could take it, we should have saved some lives. I watched the party go into the lane followed by three Chinese and a Jap civilian, presumably to carry the wounded. We saw the latter come out, too, presently, together with a Marine, who, as they did not take any notice of him, we at first thought was not wounded, but sent back probably for reinforcements. However, he dropped down after coming about thirty yards, so the American gunner who was with the Colt gun in my redoubt and I rushed out, dashed over the canal, and carried him in. He had a bullet through his thigh, and was bleeding a good deal, but will soon be all right. The Chinese, from the top of the road, sent a shot or two after us, but none went even near.

Meanwhile the Japs were to have gone along the lane outside the east wall of the Fu, but through some hitch in the arrangements only

a few ever got to the corner round which the Chinese gun was supposed to be. One man was killed.

Altogether the whole business was a most distressing failure; our men never got near the gun, and not a Chinaman was hurt. I had a presentiment when our men passed our gate on the way that the thing would be a failure, as one must have a lot of men for this fighting in small winding lanes. I stopped D. from going chiefly on this account, and partly because I knew that Strouts would not let me go now that Wray is wounded and we have no officers left. He has asked D. to take Wray's watch and section, and I am going to take him round for the first time to show him all the posts.

I have just heard that two Americans have been wounded by sharpshooters firing through the loopholes of their barricade; if they lose many more men, I fear they will not stay up, and even now things seem to the most hopeful of us to be getting worse and worse, and it is hard to say what may happen. Of course, we never admit even to each other what we really think, far less to the women.

But I cannot believe that, bad as things look now, we are all going to be massacred. A quarter, or even half, the men may be killed, but the rest and all women and children *must* get through somehow, for relief will come some day ; and even the beginning of the end is still far off, I hope.

2nd July.—A fairly easy night on the whole. There was a certain amount of very noisy jingâl and rifle fire, especially from the Mongol Market, where they most likely feared another sortie ; it was also pretty heavy in the Fu, and at the back of the French Legation. It is exceedingly difficult to locate the points they fire from, as the bullets strike our roofs and walls with a crack which closely resembles that of a rifle, and obscures the sound of the first explosion of the cartridge.

During my rounds I was much annoyed by a man who kept firing a jingâl loaded with copper cash and odd bits of metal on to the roof of the hospital. The explosion and the flash both seemed to be close to us—in fact, in the ruined houses just to our south—and it took me some time to satisfy myself that he was

really on the opposite side of the Mongol Market, and thus 300 yards away.

Curiously enough, the Chinese Secretary yesterday lighted on an old pamphlet written by General Gordon, at the request of the Chinese Government, at a time when they expected war with Russia, and containing advice as to how they should conduct war against foreigners. Amongst other things he strongly recommended them never to show themselves in an open attack, but to gradually wear out their enemy by constant firing at night, so that the men should get no rest. It would be very interesting to know if it is in pursuance of this advice that the Chinese favour us with their erratic and annoying fusillades.

I went round the posts with D. last night, as he was taking his first officer's watch, between 10 P.M. and 12; after that I had my own till 2 A.M., and then went to bed and had the best sleep I have had for a long time. I had only had four hours in the last forty-eight, and as I forgot to tell the sentry to awake me I slept on in my private corner of the redoubt until 10 A.M., when D. came and told me the time. Everything was quite quiet, and everybody was

taking a rest even from fortification work. However, after a wash and a biscuit, I got the men to put in a couple of hours at the wall of the redoubt, which is now fairly strong at the sides; but a good part of the top is still open, as it was made much too large originally, and is not easy to cover in and yet leave a passage for the quick-firing gun.

D. and some others went over in the afternoon to help the Japs in the Fu, who are getting short of men. I took him over his tiffin, and found that the Japs still hold part of the North Wall and are hastening the completion of their second and third lines of defence, to which they must retire in time owing to the continuous fire from big guns. Unfortunately, even now they are losing men steadily, three having been killed and two wounded to-day and last night. The Japs are fearfully careless about exposing themselves, and the nature of the ground is such that there is many a place inside their barricades which is exposed to the fire of Chinese sharpshooters, some of whom are deadly shots.

The weak part of their defence is the East Wall, inside of which a long strip of buildings

was burnt early in the siege, and along this the Chinese are trying with no small skill to wedge themselves in and thus to be able to attack on two sides at once. They certainly have much ingenuity: when I arrived they had just set fire to some small houses north of the North Wall, so that they could get their guns turned on to the weakest part of it. When they do so, the Japs must retire to their next line of defence, which, fortunately, is of solid earth and much stronger than the wall.

After a walk through the beautiful garden of the Fu I went on to Kierulf's, to see if there was anything left worth taking for the mess. The place was full of Russian soldiers and converts. I found nothing worth having except a Buddha which some looter had discarded, so I went home and was just carrying D. a bottle of beer and a biscuit in lieu of tea when I met him on his way back. However, I went over to the Fu again with Morrison, who wanted to see how matters stood, then over to the hotel, where we saw the back building into which the Chinese, by way of passing the time while the houses between them and the Fu were burning, had just put eleven shells one after

the other, thereby knocking the somewhat jerry-built place almost to pieces. Next we went over to the Germans, who had just had a man killed while looking through a loophole, and lastly to the Americans, where everything was quiet beyond the usual sniping, which makes it very risky to go up on the wall during daylight, as, so far, proper traverses have not been finished and the barricades across the street are not nearly high enough.

It is nearly dinner-time now. There is a hot fusillade going on over in the Fu, and some sniping against the roofs of the Chief's house and of the T'ing'rh in which I write and live. It is making an awful noise.

A Jap has just come over, who says that two more of their men have been killed and an Italian wounded, which is bad; still, we all are confident that so long as he has a man left Shiba will not abandon the Fu, and even if we weaken our defences in here by doing so we must give him enough men to hold it properly.

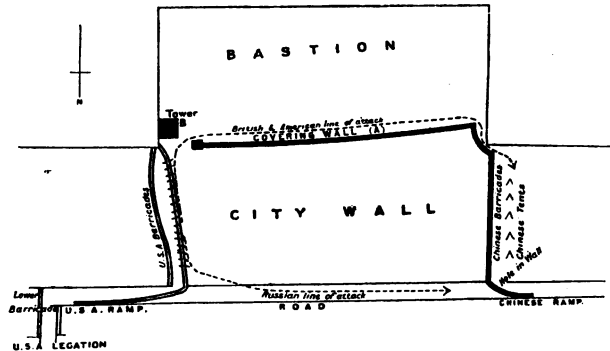
3rd July.—A lot of sniping and three fusillades from the front of the Hanlin, which were so violent that the general alarm-bell on which all the old men and other usual non-

combatants have to turn out rang. However, as usual, they all ended as suddenly as they began, with no casualties on our side. I think it is a mistake to be so free with the alarm-bell, as it terrifies the women. As it is, all the efficient men sleep at their posts, and, if *they* could not ward off an actual assault until such time as the reserves came up, I fear there would be little chance for us in any case.

The Chinese sent up a lot of signals from the wall of the Imperial City, but we could not perceive any effect in causing the fire either to commence or cease. The Japs were also subjected to a hot rifle fusillade in the Fu, but no harm was done.

Early this morning I was asked to go with a party of our men to help to storm the Chinese barricade on the City Wall south of the American Legation. We went up about 1.30 A.M., and found Captain Myers eagerly awaiting us, as their position on the wall was in very imminent danger. As will be seen from the sketch-plan below, the Chinese had first erected a barricade just on the other side of the bastion to where the American position is. They had done this by first barricading the top of the west ramp

leading to the centre bastion, and under cover of this breaking a hole in the parapet of the wall.



Then brick by brick they threw a solid wall to within a yard of the other side. They continued this wall a short distance round the corner of the bastion, and then threw a covering wall (A) right across the bastion itself to within a few yards of the American barricade. At the end of this covering wall they erected a small tower (B), which at the time of our arrival was fully fifteen feet high, and had a front eight or nine broad, looking almost directly down and along the American barricade. The tower was so close that one could touch it with a stick from the south end of the American

barricade, and six Chinese with rifles could have commanded the place and killed everyone in it even before they could have escaped. When we went up the Chinese were still working inside the tower, and just a few minutes before, one of the ten Marines of ours already there had been hit in the face by a stone tossed over by them. How it had been allowed to go so far I don't know. I did not realise the full ingenuity of the scheme till daybreak ; but even in the dark it was easy to see that the sooner we took the place the better, and indeed that every moment's delay was a danger, especially if, as was probable, the Chinese had heard us come up.

When our party had arrived we pretty well filled up the narrow barricade. Of British there were twenty-six all told, Americans fifteen, including Captain Myers, and fifteen Russians, with their officers.

Captain Myers then made a speech, which was interesting because it was so utterly unlike what a British officer would have said under similar circumstances. He began by saying that we were about to embark on a desperate enterprise, that he had himself advised against it, but that orders had been given, and we must

do it or lose every man in the attempt. He then explained what we had to do—viz. line up on the wall and rush the covering wall just under the tower, and then follow up that covering wall till we got to the back of the Chinese barricade. He ended up by saying that the wounded must be left lying until the barricade was taken, and finally, that if there was anyone whose heart was not in the business he had better say so and clear out. One man said he had a sore arm and went down—not one of our men, I am glad to say.

Our Marines were by no means happy after Myers's gloomy speech, and showed no violent alacrity in lining up in the front rank of those who were to vault over the barricade. It was arranged that the Americans and ourselves were to go to the left hand, that the fifteen Russians were to get over the right-hand part of the barricade, and attack the top of the ramp occupied by the Chinese, which was a little in advance of the Chinese barricade itself. After some little delay we were all ready, British and Americans all mixed up together, and standing two deep on the ledge at the bottom of the barricade, which just enabled us to get our heads and arms over the

top. At the word 'Go' we all scrambled and dropped down the ten feet on the other side. The noise made by us aroused the Chinese, and almost at once a hot fusillade started from the big barricade in front of us. By that time, however, Myers, Sergeant Murphy, myself, and nearly all the others were already in behind the covering wall, between which and the tower there was luckily a small opening. As far as I could see there was no one in the tower, but we had no time to stop, and so pressed on toward the Chinese barricade, under the shelter of the covering wall. Before we got to the corner of the bastion Myers tripped on a Chinese spear which was lying in the grass, and got a nasty flesh wound in his calf. I went on through the little passage formed by the corner of the bastion and the covering wall, and found myself within a couple of yards of the tents of the Chinese, who held the big barricade, and who were still blazing away merrily at our now empty barricade, evidently quite ignorant of the fact that we were alongside of them. I was glad to see round me the British sergeant, Murphy, and Corporal Gregory, as well as a private whose name I forget, and Corporal Hunt and Turner

of the American Marines. The other men were still crowding into the lane, and we paused for a minute to get breath. I took a look round the corner to see if I could see the Chinese who were firing, but could not owing to the curve of the barricade. The next thing evidently was to rush the back of the barricade, and Sergeant Murphy and I, with someone else, actually went out of the mouth of the lane, and were just calling on the rest to back us up when one of the men behind cried out that we couldn't do that or we would be coming into collision with the Russians. Unfortunately, as I had only been asked to go on this affair so late, I hadn't had a chance of seeing the ground, and did not know how far he might be right, so we had perforce to retire to our lane again. I took up my position right at the corner, and squatted down to await developments. There was a good deal of firing going on besides that from the barricade. Probably it was from the Chien Men and Ha Ta Men and the Chinese barricades near them.

Still, as I thought, there were no bullets going near us until Turner, the American crack shot, who was standing actually touching me,

dropped down mortally wounded. I told two of our Marines to carry him back through the lane to the bastion, as we could not have avoided trampling on him where he was. Where the bullet came from I don't know ; certainly it was not from any of the Chinese near us, for just a few minutes after an unarmed man came walking cautiously round the curve of the barricade ; evidently he had heard some sound which he did not understand, but, equally certainly, he cannot have suspected that we were there in force. I was just going to shoot when some one shouted out, ' Don't shoot, he is a Russian.' I felt quite sure that he wasn't, though in the darkness he might have been mistaken for one of them. Several Americans began to call out to him ' Cossaque ' and ' Rusky,' which are the names by which the other troops all address the Russians. The man apparently did not hear owing to the din of the firing, or else he might have taken alarm, nor did he see those of us who crouched at the mouth of the lane. He still kept crawling carefully on, and once turned and said something—what, I could not catch—but it was so manifestly a Chinese voice that I raised my revolver and shot him. He was barely two

yards off then, and fell without a groan with an Eley's man-stopping bullet in his heart. The noise did not seem to alarm the Chinese at the other end of the barricade, but it aroused a man who sleepily came out of the nearest 'tent,' which was a sort of 'lean-to' erection of matting put up against the parapet of the wall. He also was quickly disposed of, and, as I was sick of waiting for the Russians, I got a few of the men to come out of the little lane, and without 'rushing' the back of the barricade to try and enfilade the men firing from the loopholes. I told the men to be sure and fire low and in such a way that bullets should not go through the Chinese barricade.

I then went back to Myers for further orders and information as to the real truth about the Russians, and he said that the latter had returned to the American barricade long ago, and had only got half-way to the ramp when one of their men was wounded, and, as the fire was very hot, they returned. He said we must certainly clear the back of the barricade and then occupy the east side of it. I returned accordingly, and we cleared out the back of the barricade, which was easy enough, as all those who were not dead

had fled. Still, I think that few can have got away, as we found a body to every loophole and several also in the tents behind the barricade, and as soon as we had occupied it properly I went and helped Myers back to the American barricade, and before he went down to hospital he ordered his own men back to their barricade, which they were to hold under his junior, Captain Hall. I also got leave to clear the ramp if necessary and was to take charge of the front barricade in conjunction with the Russian officer. I was also to collect all the arms and ammunition. I went back and set about these various tasks. First, I had a look at the ramp, which had been completely evacuated by the Chinese, though there were a few blazing away from a house at the bottom and also from a temple near the Russo-Chinese Bank, which is a great stronghold of Boxers. We could have done no good by going down there, and it would have only been risking the men's lives. I next set the men to work, dark as it was, at collecting stones and strengthening the Chinese barricade, which was very flimsy. I felt sure the Chinese would soon start firing from their next barricade only 120 yards away, so I put sentries on at all

the loopholes, and also put one of our best shots at the top of the ramp to try and silence the sniping, which was pretty hot. I then took Sergeant Murphy and six men over to get the rifles &c., and we started pulling down the mat sheds and cutting off the ammunition belts. It was rather difficult in the dark, and the men were still so excited that I could not get them to work properly. I threw about a dozen Mausers as well as a big flag over the barricade myself, and these, with about 500 rounds of ammunition, were about all we got, for all of a sudden the Chinese started blazing like fury from the next barricade, and of course I had to get the men in.

Just after that (it was 2.30 A.M.) the rain began to come down, and it went on steadily all night. None of our men had any greatcoats, so we were soaked to the skin in no time, and were soon knee-deep in water. They were therefore glad to do some work to keep themselves warm, and as soon as it got light—*i.e.* about 3.30 A.M.—we got on pretty well, and when later on some coolies came under von Strauch's charge they got a rest.

As regards casualties, we had none during

the actual assault, but, just before, one of the men had his face badly bruised with a stone, and was sent down, and afterwards, when we were working at the barricade, Corporal Gregory got a bullet through his ankle, which must have ricocheted through a loophole, as he was well under cover at the time.

The Americans lost two killed. One, Turner (mentioned above) the other—not found till 9 A.M., when Percy Smith came up to take charge—was lying dead in the bastion; how, when, or where he was killed no one knows. It would be a good thing if the Americans would imitate our practice of calling the roll after a fight; then this man, who possibly might only have been badly wounded, might have been found and taken to the hospital. One Russian was wounded beside the above.

To sum up, I have described this sortie at some length because it eventually proved to be one of the most important factors in the successful conduct of the siege and turned our somewhat precarious foothold on the wall into a sound and comparatively defensible position.¹

¹ This opinion is fully confirmed by Sir Claude MacDonald in his official account of the events between June 20 and

The chief point was that by great good luck we managed to surprise the Chinese, who probably thought we only wished to take the fort, which threatened our barricade, and would never dare to attack their main barricade. If they had been ready for us at the corner of the lane we should have lost a few more men; but I don't think Myers was right in looking upon it as such a desperate enterprise.

We were very lucky in hitting the right moment, when there was no one in the tower to run back and give the alarm that we were coming across the bastion. I think we must have killed about as many Chinese as could be expected, as I don't think more than thirty at the outside camped there permanently. When we got the rifles I told a man to count the bodies, and he reported fifteen only; the Ameri-

August 14, 1900, laid before Parliament in April 1901, and in Dr. Morrison's admirable summary published in the *Times* of October 18, 1900.

Dr. Martin also, President of the Chinese Imperial University, in his record of the siege, describes this sortie at considerable length, and summarises it as 'a struggle which more than any other was the pivot of our destiny.'

In Sir Claude's despatch of September 26, laid before Parliament in December 1900, it is stated that 'Mr. Nigel Oliphant remained in command after Captain Myers was wounded, and conducted the operations most successfully.'

cans afterwards said there were thirty-six bodies lying outside that barricade, but that is, I am sure, an exaggeration. My number, which is the one I have given to all writers of books and to the *Times* correspondent, may err in the other direction, as very likely there were a few bodies under the tents, which may not have been exposed for some days after. Certainly twenty-two or twenty-three would be the outside number, and probably a few escaped with the party that fled from the ramp barricade. Any way, the whole business succeeded completely in its object, which is more than our other sorties did.

After coming down from the wall and having a wash &c. and breakfast, I found I had various things to do all the morning, not the least onerous of which was detailing to various people, from Sir Claude downwards, a minute account of the sortie. In the afternoon I had hoped for a little rest, as I was dead tired, but on going down to the Main Gate to get my bedding I found that they had at last given me what I had been begging for for a week—viz. a large gang of coolies to finish off the top of the redoubt, which required many more tons of earth to make it even reasonably safe against shells. I

had to stay with them to direct operations, and was just going away at 4.30 P.M. (the work was not half done, but they only give you coolies for two hours at a time), when I saw that our flag on the gate tower had been shot down by a stray bullet striking the lanyard. Of course, it was absolutely essential that it should be hoisted again at once ; but this was no easy task, and eventually the armourer, a Marine, and I managed to unship the pole and let it down through the roof of the gate tower, and then, by going on to the top with a ladder, which we leant against the part of the mast which still stuck out, we managed to nail the flag right up to the top of the mast in its proper place. Sir Claude and some others were looking on, very much interested, and the former was delighted when we with some help and great labour managed to heave up the pole back to its original position.

We hear that the Chinese on the wall are now sending fire rockets on to the roof of the German and French Legations. They can't do much harm, as everything is soaking with rain. The rain, though it is for us a great safeguard against fire, is annoying in that it floods the

canal, and thus our passage across to the Fu is hampered at a time when reinforcements might at any time be wanted there in a hurry. The French engineers have been told to prepare some sort of a bridge, but have done nothing so far. It is near dinner-time, so I must stop. My watch is not till 3 A.M., and I feel as if I could put in a good sleep, even in our soaking wet redoubt.

4th July, Wednesday.—The fusillade last night was noisier than ever, and evidently crackers were used to increase the cacophony, and make more sure of disturbing us. Tired as I was, I was again and again roused by the fearful din going on in the Fu across the road, and in the Hanlin and the Mongol Market, and on the City wall there were similar diabolic concerts. The Marines, both ours and foreign, are getting used to it now; they see that night after night it goes on, and yet does very little harm.

This firing was still going on when I went on watch at 3 A.M., but as it got lighter it gradually slackened off and ceased, and at 5 A.M. I turned in again and slept peacefully till 9 A.M. Later on D. and I went to Kierulf's

to try and loot ; but the place is cleared out. We then went to another place, and got a good lot of straw and millet for the ponies.

After tiffin I managed to get some more sand-bags on my redoubt, which, though now fairly strong, can still be improved a lot, and would be if I could only get enough labour.

The big gun over in the Fu has been firing all day, but I have not heard of any particular effect it has had. The Chinese have loopholed all the houses at the north-east of the road, and are trying to snipe into our loopholes opposite. We tried the Italian one-pounder against some barricades they have been erecting north of our positions in the Hanlin, and succeeded in doing them some damage, though, of course, such a toy can't do much. Oh ! for one single 12-pounder ; even the little one-pounder always silences their guns for a time.

I hear that those of our men we left on the wall this morning to help holding the front barricade are still up there, as the Chinese are making the ramp, which is the sole means of access, too hot for anyone to pass in moderate safety. Still, our position there now is splendid, and should be easily held ; the Chinese

will never even try and take it back by assault, and, as for guns, we can erect strong enough barricades to resist them ; even now they are nearly good enough.

To-morrow is, according to Sir Robert Hart's calculation, the first day on which relief could possibly arrive ; he based his calculation on the movements of the Allies in 1860. It will be interesting to see if he is anywhere near right. I fear not, myself.

5th July.—We had a quiet night ; but it has been a day of sorrow for me, and for all who knew and loved D. He was well and happy when he got up this morning, but, as he often did, he went off somewhere soon after breakfast, and the next thing I heard of him, as I was working away at the Main Gate, was that he had been wounded, and was then in hospital. It appears that he had volunteered to go with a party who were to cut down some trees in front of our positions in the Hanlin Yuan. While they were at this work the Chinese began to fire from an elevated post at the gate of the Imperial City, directly north of us. Captain Poole ordered the fatigue party to come in

under cover, but D., who was at the time wielding an axe on a big tree, called out that it was all right, he was under cover where he was. A few seconds afterwards he was struck, and fell to the ground. Some of the students who were of the working party and the signaller of the Marines rushed out and carried him in under a hot but fortunately erratic fire. From the first he knew that he was mortally wounded. They took him to hospital and sent for me.

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At 3 P.M. he passed quietly and peacefully away. His death cast a gloom over the whole community; certainly among the British no one could have been more sincerely missed.

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At 7 o'clock we had his funeral, and, though at this time such ceremonies are perforce sparsely attended, a representative from every Legation turned out to pay him the last respect, and eight of the best men in Peking were his pall-bearers. Norris read the service, which never sounded so solemn and impressive as when I heard it then, and we laid him in the corner of the little patch of ground set apart for a cemetery under the shelter of one of the

few trees left in the Legation. Several wreaths were sent by Mrs. — and others of his friends, and I was deeply sensible of the feeling in which they were sent at a time when only the barest materials for making them were available.

As far as I know, there is no news of any importance to record of the outside doings of the other defenders. I have not even noticed if there was much firing into this Legation to-day.

6th July.—Yesterday evening the Chinese started bombarding us with muzzle-loading shot-guns from a battery they have erected on the top of the Imperial City wall ; it was silenced with a few shots from the Italian gun, but only for the time being. We had another fairly quiet night, with only one noisy fusillade. I was on watch from 11 to 1, and all this morning I have been busy adding a fresh layer of sandbags on the north wall of my redoubt, where D. had often come and lent a vigorous hand. Early this morning I visited his grave, and watered the wreaths on it.

To-day the Chinese have placed another gun on the wall of the Imperial City, and they have

been pounding at us with the two they have now got there, and, though they are both old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, they seem to know how to use them, and have done a little damage. One shot went right through the servants' quarters at the back of the Chief's house, and another through the upper story of the teachers' quarters. No casualties.

The Japs made another futile attempt to take the Chinese gun in the Fu, and lost four men, without, as far as they know, killing a single Chinaman. A Russian student to-day marched along Customs Road to the Chinese barricade, and was, of course, killed. Five Chinese were, however, shot while trying to drag in his body. Three Chinese were also killed to-day while crossing in front of a barricade they have built eighty yards west of Cockburn's house, and later the sentry on the top of Cockburn's house dropped two more, who were sneaking about the ruined buildings in front of their barricade.

No sign of the troops yet, and I expect there are still many weary days to wait. Personally, now I don't care when they come, and only wish to volunteer for any sortie or attack on

guns where there is a chance of killing Chinese ; still, it is cruelly hard for the women and children to have to subsist continually on horse-meat and rice and a little condensed milk. I suppose, though, they are lucky even to have that, and so far, at any rate, there is no immediate danger of starvation.

7th July.—I had practically no sleep last night ; I was up late to begin with, and after an hour in the redoubt I had to get up for the 1 to 3 A.M. watch. On the whole, things were fairly quiet, much the same as last night. I went through my rounds slower than usual, and when I had finished the second it was just time to call Poole. I stayed and made some cocoa for him and myself, after drinking which all desire for sleep left me. I took a stroll down to the gate to inspect a large wooden barricade on the Imperial City wall, of which we saw the first poles erected last night, and which is now apparently completed, even to a board roof on the top to keep off the sun and rain. There was no chance of a shot at the workers, but we could only watch and await developments.

At 8.30 the Chinese began pounding at us

with round shot from the Imperial City wall. At first the shots fell short in the Hanlin, but later they got the range better, and after perforating the roofs of the houses in the Hanlin, where our men sleep, they got two shots through the servants' quarters. This place was full of Christian refugees, but no one was hurt except one old woman, who had her leg bruised. Later a shot dropped into the corridor at the back of the Chief's house, and finally one struck the roof of the central building, and went clean through both walls of the big dining-room, passing just behind the portrait of the Queen. This last shot made a great mess, and tore away some of the planking at the top of the wall, but did little real damage. Still, it is wonderful what force these old round shot have; they go through walls like paper.

The Chinese who fire these guns are now very careful about exposing themselves, as our men picked off some at first; they now have folding-doors, which they throw open when they fire. We have a lot of men firing at and through these doors with Martinis, and this has so far resulted in keeping the Chinese more or less quiet, though occasionally they get a hasty shot in.

On the barricade on the Imperial City wall which they made last night, and which commands our whole road, and thus my Main Gate redoubt, they have to-day been blowing out embrasures, so as to enable them to depress their guns. We have all day been sniping at them, both with rifles and the Colt automatic gun, but I fear it has been only a waste of ammunition. As I write, one of my men from the Gate tells me that they have just mounted two guns in the embrasures, which is annoying, as it will mean a big waste of ammunition even to try and silence them when they start firing. I must go and see about it.

Later.—As I got down, a man who had tried to cross the canal was brought in wounded. In future we shall have to use the underground way, as the other barricade is easily commanded from the wall. Altogether, it is beginning to get annoying.

‘Heavy guns’ were heard to the south by the men on the wall, and, as usual, people drew foolishly sanguine conclusions from them. It never occurs to them that foreign troops would not be likely to use guns at night, and they forget that the Chinese, who have such guns,

are just the people who would go wasting ammunition in the pitchiest darkness, just because they liked to hear the noise of their latest plaything.

Still, if our people can really derive comfort from these vain imaginings, it is perhaps well they should do so; only, it is to be hoped that by the time they realise their mistake some fresh sign, in the shape of a searchlight, or Chinese rocket, will give them a renewed stock of hope, and that these 'signs and wonders' will continue until some really tangible and genuine sign of the troops does arrive.

8th July.—Another fairly quiet night, though the Chinese started new tactics, and sent in a few round shot by moonlight. One pitched on the corner of the church roof, but did no damage. I was on watch between 3 and 5 A.M., then had a sleep till 7 A.M., and at 8 I breakfasted with the Squiers, and had the best meal I have had since the siege began.

The embrasures the Chinese were making in the Imperial City wall at the top of the street were finished to-day, and they have placed guns in position and fired a shot or two without doing

any damage. We can't see the guns, which appear to be small one-pounder muzzle-loaders.

The American armourer to-day set to work to manufacture a sort of a gun out of brass piping to use against the Chinese on the wall. The missionaries sent out a party to collect pewter &c. for bullets, and they luckily chanced across an old and rusty but apparently sound muzzle-loader of foreign make and of the date 1860 (about). After some tentative trials this was used several times, the front part of the Russian shells (which they brought up, leaving their gun behind) being the missile employed. It acted excellently, and will be of great use to us, as we know it can carry at least 1,000 yards, and can go through two or three Chinese house walls with ease.

By dint of constant rifle fire at the Chinese embrasure we prevented them from firing more than two or three shots the whole morning. In the afternoon they mounted a small one-pounder modern gun just behind Cockburn's house, and then knocked a few holes in the roof, and startled Mrs. C. by sending a shot into her bedroom. Luckily no damage was done.

Over in the Fu matters grew rather serious.

In spite of the efforts of the Japs and our men, the Chinese succeeded in firing the main hall, and the fire spread to the whole of the lesser buildings, which the Japs occupy. The Chinese were firing madly from behind the burning line of buildings, and it would have been hopeless and dangerous to try and save them.

The Chinese converts who used to be in the south part of the Fu have now left, and are scattered about in the empty houses near our Legation.

In the Su Wang Fu we now only hold a narrow strip running along the west wall and the south entrances. This is not very well entrenched, but is well manned by Japs, Italians, and a few British.

About 7 P.M. our new but old gun, mentioned above, was taken up to the Students' Library, and laid on one of the barricades in the Carriage Park.

Then dinner. Our food is holding out well, though we have, even at the Chief's table, to be content with horse meat. There are a few sheep left, but they are kept exclusively for sick people.

Another officer was killed to-day—viz. an

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Austrian Navy captain named Thomann, who for a day or two was in command up here. He was only up here on a holiday; and was killed through the merest hard luck. He went along a small lane in the German Legation in spite of all warnings, and a shell caught him just as he was half-way through and killed him on the spot.

9th July (twentieth day of siege).—A livelier night than we have had for some time, though it was only the usual wild sniping. It began at 9.50 P.M., just when I was going on my first round. It seemed to begin from the distant barricades in the Carriage Park and then spread round the whole place, and for twenty minutes the noise was deafening. It seemed specially bad in the Fu, where the Japs and Italians and a few British are now holding the last line of defence, *literally* with their backs to the wall. That wall must be held at all costs, as, if the Chinese took it, they could bring their guns to bear on our Legation wall, forty yards distance,—in which case God help the women and children!

Still, in spite of the noise, the Chinese were

never even near taking any of our positions last night. Our men had simply to sit tight behind their barricades and let the bullets fly over them.

Earlier in the evening we had sent over our old gun, which had impressed them so much that no one would come near our posts in the Fu.

By 10.30 all was quiet, and remained so till 1.30 (excepting the usual sniping), when there was another fusillade. I sat up in the T'ing'rh for a long time after I came off watch at 11 P.M., but eventually went to bed and slept with a few interruptions from 1 A.M. till 6 A.M. Several round shot came whizzing over us during the night, and in the early morning one hit the front roof of the Chief's house and knocked a few tiles down.

At dawn our gun in the Students' Library was fired and knocked a big hole in the Carriage Park barricade, but it also nearly knocked the Library building down by its concussion. The people at the embrasures opposite our road seemed very busy, and we gave them a few volleys. They seemed to be going on at their work of blasting out a suitable embrasure, and then they fired a

few shots with a one-pounder muzzle-loader at us, some of which dropped wide, while one or two went harmlessly into our ten-feet thick north wall. They have now gates in both embrasures, which they open only when they fire. They take no aim, but fire point-blank into the air; still, their shot occasionally falls in the Legation and frightens the women a good deal. All the morning my men have been sniping at them, and, though the chance of hitting them was small, we at any rate stopped them from taking any aim. We had three shots with the old gun we found, but they were not very successful, as we only had shrapnel, which is useless against stone walls.

After tiffin I went the round of the defences east of the canal, and also went to Chamot's to try and borrow the materials for a searchlight. I also looked in at the Club, which is fearfully smashed up, though not as yet burnt.

The French are in an ugly-looking position, as just over the road the Chinese have occupied Van Aalst's and Jardine's houses, and from there are shelling their front at short range, to say nothing of constant rifle fire. Still, the Chinese will never dare to rush them, as the French fear.

About 6 A.M. I went out with a party to set fire to some houses in the Mongol Market. There were a lot of good furs and silks, but we had to let them burn. In the meantime von Strauch was having some houses knocked down to prevent the fire spreading to the Russians. He succeeded in knocking down a bit of the Russian Legation wall in doing this, and there was such a wordy argument over it that I left in dismay!

10th July (twenty-first day of siege).—We were pretty busy yesterday evening, as our old Chinese gun was sent over to the Fu in view of an expected attack, and the Italian one-pounder (for which we have made some fresh cartridges) was sent to the French Legation to see if it could manage to break down the Chinese barricades on the other side of the road. However, neither was used, why I know not, and we had a tough job getting the bigger gun back over the canal in the dark; and afterwards I, with the help of two of my Marines, spent an hour in making a more practicable pathway over the swampy bed of the canal. Before we had really finished, the Chinese on the Imperial City wall began

sniping at us, so, more for sport than anything else, we gave them two rounds from the big gun, which silenced them for the time being.

We hear that at the French Legation they had a pretty hot time from the people in Jardine's compound over the road. The valiant Chamot, his wife and two friends went into the small police station next the hotel, and could plainly hear the Chinese shouting and the officers trying to persuade their men to climb over the walls and kill all the foreigners. Chamot had had a wild scheme of rushing the Chinese position with the aid of some hundred Roman Catholic converts who professed to be desperate men; but of course he could not get rifles for them, and, besides, anyone could see that the Chinese were in such numbers that a frontal attack would be sheer madness. He did, however, send one Chinaman out, who crept along the wall under the loopholes, and did his best to set fire to the wooden gate of Jardine's compound, but the Chinese put out the fire easily enough. Simultaneously our Legation and the Fu were treated to a furious fusillade which lasted just twenty minutes, at the end of which we heard the Chinese trumpets blowing

vigorously and several rockets went up, on which the firing ceased as if by magic. There can be absolutely no doubt that these attacks on us are conducted by troops who are well under control, probably under that of the Imperial Government itself.

My watch was from 11 P.M. to 1 A.M., and it was fairly quiet all the time. When I had finished I called Poole, and we had some cocoa, and as we were drinking this another rather noisy fusillade started, and they also sent several round shot and shell from the Imperial City wall, some of which struck our roofs and made alarming noises, but otherwise did not the least harm. I went down to the gate, and we sniped a bit at the embrasures at the top of the road, and also at a light we could see right underneath the wall, but which was partially concealed by a small house just on the other side of the bridge. I couldn't make it out at all. However, it was useless firing, so I went to sleep, and did not get up till 6.30, though I was awakened once by a shell coming bang into the wall of our redoubt and bursting. Luckily, the solid ten feet of earth we have now got stood it easily, so I just told the sentry to fire at the embrasures

on the wall if he saw the least sign of their preparing to fire again, and went off to sleep once more.

I am feeling rather out of sorts to-day ; in fact, most people are finding the monotony of a diet of horse meat and maize, or rice, does not agree with their digestions.

At 11.30 they started firing from some place far back in the Imperial City, and between then and 1.30 P.M. over thirty shells dropped on or near our lawn. Fortunately, they were very bad ones, and broke rather than burst, and by the greatest luck they did no damage, either to the buildings or to people. One shrapnel bullet actually dropped on to my bed in the T'ing'rh as I lay writing the above.

After tiffin, Tweed and I went for a stroll. We saw Myers, the wounded American captain, who is now in the Russian Legation, and who is at last getting better, though his wound was nastily poisoned. I tried to borrow an acetylene lamp to make a flash-light with, but failed.

All the Legations try to make out that they are being the most severely attacked, but they never realise that *we* have all the responsibility and anxiety of looking after all *their* women and

children. Still, these same women and children now walk and play about the compound, and care nothing for the bullets and shells that are always crashing and whistling through the trees. They ought to be kept indoors, but are not, and luckily, so far, no woman or child has been hurt. We can easily hold out another month now.

According to two fairly trustworthy messengers, the city outside is fairly quiet. The Emperor is still in the Palace, and many troops have gone to protect the Summer Palace. Nothing is known of the foreign troops. The Pei-T'ang (the Roman Catholic Cathedral) has been fiercely attacked, but has held out so far.

Three men were caught in the French Legation with packets of gunpowder on them, and were at once shot. One of our missionaries also caught a man in here with a similar packet, but he very foolishly let him escape.

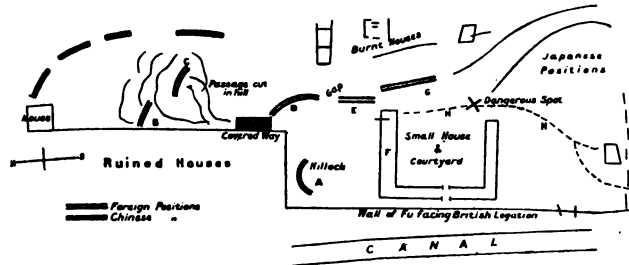
We must be very careful, as I have not the least doubt that the Chinese have their agents in here, and if it were not for the careful watch we keep we should have had the place fired long ago. As it is, we send men round all the Chinese quarters every night, who turn out

every man without a signed and stamped pass ; but then a Chinese spy might easily have got one of these by acting as servant to a foreigner. It would be very alarming if we did have a fire in the compound, though I am sure that by dint of hard work we should get it out, as we got those others out at the beginning of the siege.

The flies are simply awful just now ; they are literally a curse. I have never seen them so bad, even in an Indian village. I suppose it is the collection of human and equine carrion round us that brings them. No more now, as I must go to the German Legation. All pretty quiet, except for usual sniping.

11th July.—Fairly quiet last night, though they fired a few round shot at us at dawn. I got up at 7 A.M., but after breakfast I managed to get a good two hours of my arrears of sleep worked off. When I awoke about noon Strouts asked me to go over and relieve Poole, who is at present in charge of the Italian position in the Su Wang Fu, and, as I had not seen the place since the fire, I went over to have a look at it, though my tour of duty does not com-

mence till 2 P.M. The following plan roughly shows the position :—



The 'Italian position,' now manned by Austrians, Italians, French, and British, is at the north of the west wall of the Fu, which same wall must be held at all costs. The Japs' position at the south is much better, and more easily defended; but the position to which I was sent was a very bad one, partly owing to the close proximity of the Chinese, who were firing a Krupp gun and throwing bricks at us from the same barricade, and partly to the fact that the Italians, though they had been for many days in the position marked A, have done nothing to try and fortify the place properly against the time when it would have to be used as a last line of defence. When I went out Norris came with me with some coolies to try

and improve the defences, and they began by trying to improve the north post (B), which was then a mere hole scraped in the side of the hill. The sentry had to look through the one loophole by means of a mirror, of which three had already been smashed that morning. Post c was a little pit, at the end of a long narrow passage, cut through the hillock, and was scarcely fortified at all. The sentry had orders to fire occasionally at random out of this, but as a rule preferred to retire into the little lane, as bullets from unseen Chinese snipers in the trees around were always coming into the little pit. D and E were rather better barricaded, though not high enough; while F was a small house, in which the men off duty slept. G was another low barricade, over which the Chinese could see persons going along a certain part of the path (H) which led to the south entrance of the place, and one had to bend down and run past this place, and even then could always hear a bullet or two whizzing unpleasantly close.

In walking from post to post inside the position one has always to keep low down, and a constant stream of bullets kept hitting the wall

behind one at a level of about four feet from the ground. Altogether, it was about the hottest place I have been in; the first Mongol Market sortie was nothing to it.

After going back for tiffin, I went over at 2 P.M. and relieved Poole, and set to work to get things comfortable for my twenty-four hours of duty. I had nothing but Italians and Austrians under me, and, though I had De Lucca as interpreter, I found it very hard to keep them up in their posts. Outside it was a wilderness of trees and shrubbery, and there were evidently Chinese creeping about amongst them, and sniping into our position at the range of a few yards. The men were not very steady, and I felt much relieved at the thought that Strouts had promised me a few British Marines for the night.

I was just sitting down after my first round of the sentries when Norris, who had done some splendid work in the two hours he had been there, came to say that the Chinese were shooting the sandbags to pieces as fast as he put them up on barricade B, and that he could not get one of the sentries to try and silence them. I went along myself, and, as I saw that the one sentry

at the loophole could do nothing from there, I got up on Norris's new fort of sandbags and emptied my revolver in various directions over it, jumping up at each shot to try and spot the snipers. Still, I could not see a man, and after reloading and firing a couple of shots into the Chinese barricade to the north I sat down with my back to the barricade, and, as I thought, well under cover. Two minutes after I got a bullet in my left leg, just above the knee. Fortunately, it did not touch the bone, being more or less spent by going through a sandbag, and I was able to walk to the central post with the help of Norris and the Italian corporal. At first I wanted to stay till I was relieved, but the loss of blood made me feel faint, and I consented to let them take me at once to hospital. Then Dr. Velde attended to me, bound my wound, but could not manage to find the bullet. They then put me to bed, and I now feel quite comfortable, though I have no power to move my leg. Altogether, it has caused me but little pain; the worst was when the doctor was feeling with his finger for the bullet.

12th July.—Rather a restless night, not on

account of any pain, but because of the constant firing outside, which seemed very close sometimes, and also owing to the groans and cries of a neighbouring patient, who has a bad compound fracture of the leg.

I had several visitors this morning, who told me some of the news. The French captured some twenty Chinese last night in a house in Customs Road, and, as they would not give any information, they slaughtered the lot in cold blood; one corporal, so I hear, polishing off fourteen with his bayonet in record time. It is said that Prince Ching's troops are now fighting against Tung Fu Hsiang's, and that this accounts for the heavy firing we have been hearing in the distance. It is also said that the foreign troops have taken and burnt Tientsin city. These are, of course, just Chinese yarns, and are utterly unworthy of credence.

It is a long dreary day in hospital, and the nights are still longer and drearier, as we have no lights after dark. The nurses are most kind and attentive; they are mostly lady doctors, with two Church of England deaconesses, who are trained nurses, in charge. This is the same room where D. died, and one, too, where he

often must have worked, for it is the Chancery building that they are using as a hospital.¹ The room is quite a small one, but we have six in here as it is, and they have before had as many as eight. There is no punkah, and the flies are horrible.

I hear the Chinese are making new barricades in the Hanlin and Carriage Park, one within a few yards of one of our positions. I think they are going to send the old muzzle-loader to batter them down.

13th July.—A fairly good night, though I had a couple of shivering fits and had to cover myself up with blankets. I managed to get some sleep, and, though my leg was a little sore during the evening, the pain passed off and did not return unless I tried to move it. In a way it would be better if there was some pain and inflammation, for then we might find the bullet. The doctor has not dressed it since the first time.

I haven't any news, or even rumours to-day. There was rather more firing than usual last night. At 7 A.M. they began to shell the

¹ The writer's brother, here referred to, was on the Chancery Staff of the British Legation.

Legation from the Imperial City wall, but the shells seemed to have been going over us. I hear that the hotel has received a lot of shells to-day, so it may have been these that we heard ; sounds are very deceptive, especially in this room, which seems to magnify all the gun and rifle reports which are going on round about.

Scarcely anyone has been in to see me to-day, so I have nothing to write about. I hope to-morrow may bring more news.

14th July.—It was fearfully noisy last night. A violent fusillade started all round us at 6.30 P.M., and went on without a break till nearly 9 P.M., after which there was heavy sniping right on till about dawn. Early in the evening we had heard two loud explosions, one after the other, which evidently could not be guns. We hear this morning that a furious attack was made on the French Legation, which the Chinese began by blowing up the main building of the Legation, which they had undermined in two places. Two French sailors were in the building at the time, and were buried in the ruins. Wihlfahrt had a very lucky escape, as he had just two minutes before

left the room in which these two men were sitting.

Von Rosthorn, the Austrian Chargé, also had a very narrow escape, which was so marvellous that one could not credit it unless it was vouched for by unimpeachable witnesses. He was buried up to his waist in the *débris* caused by the falling of the walls and roof at the first explosion, and the second one lifted him clear out of his uncomfortable bed, and threw him into more or less clear ground. He was badly bruised and shaken, but was otherwise none the worse.

All the buildings near the mined houses were set on fire, and the Chinese were blazing away as hard as they could and burst their way into the east side of the compound, so that the defenders had to retire to their second line of defence, which consisted of a line of rather low and flimsy barricades enclosing that part of the compound adjoining the hotel, which is to be their next position if the Chinese drive them further back. Two men were wounded during the retreat. It is said that large numbers of Chinese were killed, not only by the French bullets, but because some of them entered the compound before

the second mine had exploded, and they had been consequently blown up with their victims.

The Germans were attacked about the same time, and made a feint of retiring from the Club buildings, which they had hitherto occupied ; this succeeded in enticing a considerable number of Chinese into the Club compound, and the Germans were able to charge them with the bayonet on the tennis-courts, and cut down a good many ; in fact, they estimate that at least thirty must have been killed or wounded, as, though in the morning only twelve bodies were found, the Chinese nearly always try to carry away their wounded, and even dead, with them, whenever they possibly can. This is specially the case with Jung Lu's soldiers, who, according to the friendly Chinese, are a decent, more or less humane, and fairly well-disciplined set of troops, and are certainly not implacable and blood-thirsty fiends like Tung Fu Hsiang's Kansuh blackguards.

It is now Jung Lu's troops who are posted opposite the French and Germans, while we still have Tung Fu Hsiang's soldiers in the Carriage Park and Mongol Market, and there are also some on the wall.

When the Yamen (?) sent that futile placard ordering everyone to cease firing, which order was obeyed for about two hours, it was Jung Lu's troops who were sent about the streets to transmit and enforce this order, and some of our men, including D., had long conversations with some of them, and they all seemed very good-natured and friendly and to look upon the present state of war as very undesirable and unnecessary.

Tung Fu Hsiang's soldiers, on the other hand, even before this row, were always insolent and quarrelsome, and once I saw one strike a man of our Marine picket on the North Bridge, with the result that Poole and I had much difficulty in preventing actual bloodshed, which we then hoped and expected fondly enough to avoid. Probably all the time the brutes were chuckling to themselves at the idea that in a day or two they would be let loose on us hated foreign devils, and had no doubt that they would find us an easy prey.

A few Americans who were coming down from duty on the wall just after dark saw a lot of Chinese rushing down the road at the back of the German Legation, probably with the intention of getting in among the houses, such

as Kierulf's, Bristowe's, and the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, which lie between the Germans and the canal, and are not occupied by any foreign troops. They would most likely have burnt and looted these if the Americans had not spotted them and given them a few volleys, on which they fled hastily back, leaving some twenty dead behind them.

There was also an attack on our position in the Fu, but it was easily repulsed. Altogether, the night did not pass off as badly as it might, though it sounded awful to us lying helpless in a gloomy room with the bullets pattering on the roof and the dying groans of a French volunteer who was brought in yesterday morning with his larynx shot through.

I don't want any more such nights myself, though I suppose we shall have them all the same; they are exciting and, really quite enjoyable when one is well, but when one is chained down by a log of a leg, and yet feels perfectly well and fit otherwise, they become rather trying, to say the least.

There has been a certain amount of firing all day, including some heavy gun fire, but I have heard of no particular damage, so I suppose

they are just battering away at our barricades in the Su Wang Fu. However, no wounded have come in since last night.

My own wound is going on all right, and my leg is not quite such a dead weight. There is no sign of the bullet starting any inflammation or abscess, and I am hoping that it will keep quiet and let me get up and hobble about before long, as I find this inaction almost intolerable.

Absolutely no news or sign of the relieving column, which ought surely by now to be on the way. How much longer are they going to be? Every day brings the Chinese closer, in spite of all we can do with the small arms on which we have solely to depend.

A messenger who had been sent out by some of the American missionaries last week came back to-day, having been caught by the Chinese and beaten severely.

He brought from them an unsigned Chinese message supposed to be from an underling of Prince Ching, and congratulating us on the fact that none of the Ministers had been killed so far, and urging us to apply to the Yamen for protection for our women and children. Probably this is just a little practical joke on the part of some

small military official. Still, it may not be so, and I hear that Petmich, who knows the Chinese if anyone does, is inclined to think it genuine enough, as it is written in the most perfectly correct and formal way, though it is not on the official paper and is not accompanied by any visiting cards, as is usual.

The idea is that it may be just a tentative communication on the part of Ching or someone else who does not wish to compromise himself in any way with the anti-foreign party, headed by Tuan, which is probably very strong just at present. As far as I can hear, the messenger himself did not manage to pick up any news.

It is vilely hot this afternoon in spite of the rain which fell early this morning; indeed, I notice that up here the rain never seems to cool the air, but, instead, creates a nasty damp, muggy atmosphere, which makes one perspire horribly and is very unpleasant. The flies are more maddening than ever; never in a sweatmeat shop in an Indian village bazaar have I seen anything like them, and they are of a particularly aggressive breed, who return again and again to the charge when one tries to whisk them away. At night the ceiling and the tops of the

mosquito-nets are black with the vile insects, and when a big gun goes off they all rise with a buzz loud enough to wake any but a heavy sleeper. The worst time is the early morning, when they fly about inside the nets and absolutely prevent one sleeping by tickling every available bit of skin.

15th July.—Just a few lines to-day, as I am very stiff and sore after the doctor's dressing of my wound. He made a very thorough attempt to find the bullet, but only succeeded in hurting me without any result. He fears that it may be in the knee-joint, and says we must just wait and see if it gives any indication of its presence. Personally, I still cling to the hope that it may be buried in the hamstring or the adductor muscles. However, time will show. If the troops do not come in a week or two now it won't matter one way or the other where the beastly thing is; we cannot hold out for ever against these big guns and the unlimited ammunition the Chinese have. As to food, we can manage all right, thanks to our vigorous and successful foraging at the beginning.

We had an exceptionally quiet night last

night, perhaps because the Chinese were tired after their exertions on the previous one. I slept right on from 9 P.M. till 7 A.M., which is about the best night I have had for months.

No news of any kind to-day, though I heard a little more about yesterday's Chinese message. They suggested that the Ministers should go with their wives and families in batches of tens to the Tsung-li-Yamen, where they would be protected and properly looked after. If they chose to come, however, they must on no account bring any foreign soldiers with them, as their soldiers couldn't bear the sight of them, and it would be certain to irritate both them and the people—*i.e.* presumably the Boxers.

I believe the Ministers think of answering this strange communication, though it certainly seems very *infra dig.* to do so. However, as Petmich seems to be confident that it will lead to further communications on a more satisfactory basis, they are going to send a guarded and brief answer, saying that it is out of the question sending the women to the Yamen, as suggested, after the way von Ketteler was killed, but expressing their willingness to talk over matters with the Chinese Government, and also stating

that our men will not fire unless the Chinese first fire at them.

On the whole, though it is perhaps a mistake to take any notice of such a letter as this, especially after they beat our messenger, still, things have come to such a pass, and life is so monotonous, that almost anything which may bring us some news and give us something to talk about is justified.

16th July.—I had rather a bad time yesterday afternoon and evening just as I had finished writing the last entry in my diary. The doctor probed for the bullet, but without success, and he fears it is somewhere in the knee-joint, which is not pleasant. At about 9 P.M. young Warren, one of the British students, was brought in with a wound from a piece of shell right through his upper jaw. The wound was not a necessarily vital one, but the poor lad was delicate, and he died of shock and loss of blood before midnight in the same bed in which the French volunteer died last night. Later there was heavy sniping going on, with an occasional heavy burst of firing somewhere in the direction of the French Legation, and bullets from there were constantly

hitting the sandbags protecting our verandah. There was also some distant firing of heavy guns away to the south, but we hear all these things every day and cease to attach any importance to them.

Just before breakfast to-day Captain Strouts, the senior Marine officer, and Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, were brought in wounded from the Fu. It appears that they were walking slowly past a certain dangerous point and several shots were fired at them, two hitting Morrison in the thigh and one striking Strouts in the groin. Poor Strouts only lived a few hours, and in him we lose an excellent officer and an untiring worker, who has had all or most of the burden entailed by superintending military arrangements in here on his shoulders. He is to be buried with Warren this evening, and his death will cause a necessary change in the organisation and a division of his duties.

18th July.—An absolutely quiet night—not a shot fired; in fact, we all rather missed the familiar noise.

I was able to get up to-day for the first time, and found that, though my leg can't bear much

weight, I can get over the ground with a little help.

The Japanese got a message to-day saying that a force of 24,000 Japs, 4,000 Russians, 2,000 British, 1,500 French and Americans, and 300 Germans are to start for Peking on or about the 20th inst.

Incidentally we hear (1) that Taku Forts were surrendered on June 17 without a shot having been fired ; (2) that Tientsin city had been finally taken after severe fighting on July 13.

Query.—What were the foreign troops doing between the above two dates, and why has it been impossible to send up a force before ?

The Chinese soldiers are most friendly and come close up to our barricades to talk. No particular news from the Yamen, though a secretary came round this afternoon just to spy out the land and pick up information.

19th July.—Very quiet last night. No news this morning except a rumour that the Boxers outside the Ha Ta Men had killed several people for selling fruit and eggs to the Japs, and that the Imperial troops had had a fight with the Boxers on this account and had killed several.

We are trying to arrange for a regular market in the Mongol Market-place, so far with little success.

The Yamen sent in several messages to-day, but we have not heard anything of their contents, as the diplomatic people are very chary in giving any news.

It is amusing to note the difference which the cessation of firing has produced in some people—*e.g.* one who last week used to go about with a graveyard face and openly argued that we were all bound to be massacred before help arrived, now wears a beaming countenance and tells cheerful lies to the effect that he never for a moment doubted that we should all get through this business. The Chinese have again been asking that we should all go to Tientsin, and offer transport and escort for our use. They also told the German Chargé d’Affaires that the Emperor had wired to the German Emperor his regret at von Ketteler’s death ‘at the hands of brigands.’ They have the body at the Yamen and have prepared an elaborate coffin—not much consolation to the poor Baronin, who is still very much upset by the shock of her husband’s death.

20th July.—To-day we are hoping that the troops are starting from Tientsin for our relief. It is to be hoped they will come up quickly, as the Chinese may possibly attack us as soon as they are well on the way ; still, they may realise that their only chance is to keep quiet, and that any attack on us, even if successful, would bring a terrible vengeance on them. Even if they did their worst, our defences are better, and we keep as vigilant a watch as ever. In answer to our request for fruit &c., the Empress has sent a cart-load of melons, which are a pretty deadly kind of fruit at best, even if they are not poisoned. Cigars and tobacco are running out, which is more serious to some of us than want of food. The wound was dressed again to-day and I was told that I should have to wait till X-rays are available before the bullet can be removed.

21st July.—No news. Most vilely hot, and the flies are quite maddening.

22nd July.—I dressed and went for a walk to-day and found I could get along quite well, though, of course, rather slowly. I found that it has been arranged for me to go into the con-

valescent ward in the Chief's house, and I was only too glad of the change. In the afternoon I took a walk round and had to answer innumerable kind inquiries as to my health. I went to tea at the C——s and found Sir Robert and others there, after which I took a walk down to see D.'s grave, which has been very nicely trimmed, and has a small white cross on it. Absolutely no news again, though there was a rumour that the Japs had had word from their troops, who were said to be half-way up.

23rd July.—A good and quiet night, though it was pouring with rain all the time. No news and nothing doing. The Japs are confident that their advance guard will arrive on Wednesday, and the main body on Friday. They say the Chinese are getting alarmed, and that the soldiers are deserting freely. There is no sign of them attacking us again, though they still hold and are improving their barricades. They may or may not attack when the troops are near, but it is difficult to say. Translations of the Imperial decrees of the last two months have been made, and they are of much interest, showing amongst other things how the Government

have openly encouraged and even armed and fed the Boxers, to whom they had given the honorific title of T Min—*i.e.* patriotic people.

24th July.—There was some firing in the Su Wang Fu last night, and one of the Chinese converts was killed and an Italian sailor wounded while working on the barricades. There is no news, and we have had no despatches from the Yamen for five days, which some croakers look on as a bad sign ; but the Chinese are probably only waiting for something decisive to happen, so as to guide their course of action.

A Norwegian missionary who has always been half-mad, and grew quite so lately, has escaped from those set to look after him, and there is little reason to doubt that he is now in the hands of the Chinese, as all efforts to find him inside the cordon have been in vain. The poor fellow will, no doubt, have a bad time of it, even if he is not killed at once. I believe the Ministers are going to ask the Yamen about him.¹

25th July (thirty-sixth day of siege).—To-day

¹ Probably the Chinese have the same respect towards mad-men as is general throughout the East, and thus did not injure him. See 29th July.

we hoped to see something of the advance guard of the relieving force, but there are no signs of them as yet. A Chinese soldier told the Japs yesterday that there had been a battle at Yangtsun, and that 180 wounded soldiers of Tung Fu Hsiang's had just been brought into Peking. Another rumour said that two days ago the Pei-T'ang was attacked, and that twenty foreigners who made a sally were cut off and captured. Most of such rumours, of which there are many, are probably untrue, and we have absolutely no really reliable tidings of any kind; and this very fact points to the likelihood of the relief force being yet far off, and, indeed, that it has not yet started.

There was a sharp fusillade last night about 11.15, chiefly from the Mongol Market. However, no harm was done.

The last few days have been fearfully hot, the young children are nearly all ill, both owing to the heat and the want of good food. All of us are very sick of the invariable boiled horse and rice, and the hope we had of getting a market started between the barricades has been in vain, as the Boxers have been killing the few dealers who tried to get in. Some of the

Chinese soldiers bring a few eggs, but not nearly enough for general use.

There is a good deal of desultory firing going on to-day. I fancy it is partly the Japanese firing at some Chinese who are trying to make a new barricade in the Fu.

26th July.—There was no sign of the troops up to late last night, though a Chinese soldier told a story to the effect that on the previous day the foreign troops had fought the Chinese at a place thirty li south of Ho Hei Wu, and that the Chinese had had to fly to that place, which is almost exactly half-way from Tientsin, at a point where the river and the road meet.

Last night was pretty quiet on the whole, though, as usual, there were a few shots and an occasional rocket. It was fearfully hot, and I had to get up at 5 A.M. and stroll about the Legation. Three messages were brought in yesterday from Jung Lu; one was to Sir Claude, and, as far as I can learn, it merely said that on June 24th the Yamen had received a wire from the Shanghai Consul-General asking to be put in communication with the Ministers. They offered to transmit an answer provided it was *en clair*.

I believe they also reiterated their demand that we should leave for Tientsin, suggesting that we should meet the relief force at Tungchow. Of course this is ridiculous.

Sir Robert Hart also got a letter enclosing an undated telegram from Aglen, the Commissioner in Shanghai, which asked for a reply to relieve the great anxiety caused by the apparently desperate situation in Peking. Sir Robert is trying to get an answer sent through, but no doubt the Chinese will alter it or neglect to send it if it suits them. No more signs of the troops. I doubt if they will come this week now. We are all fearfully bored and long for some change, and the siege food palls on us a good deal. There are only a few rather valuable race ponies left now, and even they will have to be eaten unless relief comes soon.

27th July.—A very quiet night again, with only an occasional shot or rocket. There is a Chinese rumour that a last stand is to be made at Tungchow against our relieving force, who must be getting pretty close to that city. This seems to be possible. It is also said that the Court is preparing to leave the city, which is

also possible. It is a little cooler to-day and looks like rain.

In the afternoon the Yamen sent in fifteen carts full of melons, brinjals, and ice, and 1,000 catties of fine white flour. Sir Robert Hart got a special and separate gift of similar things. A letter accompanying these said that if the Christian refugees under our protection were any bother to us they might be sent to their homes, as the city is now quiet. This is of course only an attempt to trick us into allowing them to go, and they would certainly be massacred as soon as they were out of our lines.

The Chinese reported that a man answering to the Norwegian missionary's description had been captured by Jung Lu's soldiers. Jung Lu refused to give him up to the Boxers, who demanded him, and he is now, we believe, in the head office of the Yamen, and in no immediate danger. The Ministers have asked them to send him back, but have received no answer as yet.

28th July.—Slept in the T'ing'rh last night for coolness sake. At about 1.30 A.M. there was one of the usual sharp and short fusillades, all the troops round us blazing madly away for

about ten minutes, after which all was quiet again. These little firework exhibitions appear to be due to sheer fright on the part of the Chinese, that we may sortie. As they rarely do any harm, they don't worry us at all now, and many of the women even sleep calmly through them. I had to get up at 6 A.M. as the flies were so maddening, and found that a messenger from Tientsin had just come in by the Water-gate. He was a boy of sixteen years old, and had been sent out on July 4th disguised as the leader of a blind beggar, and got to Tientsin on the 18th, starting back for here on the 23rd.

He brought a letter from the Consul at Tientsin, which by its vagueness has annoyed us all. Briefly it gave the following news, dated July 23, 1900 :—‘24,000 foreign troops landed, 19,000 here, the Russians at Peits'ang (a village two miles north of Tientsin). General Gaselee is expected at Taku to-morrow. Tientsin city is under foreign government, and the Boxer power is quite exploded. There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep yourselves in food. Most of the ladies have left Tientsin.’

It would be hard to conceive a more scanty

and incomprehensible letter. It does not tally with the Japanese despatch received about ten days ago. It looks as if the foreign troops had not yet started ; but this seems unlikely, in view of the stories told by Chinese soldiers in the Fu, and the rumour of the defeat of Chinese at Ho Hei Wu. Altogether our Government does not seem to realise our danger, though the message last received by them (through the same messenger) told them that we were then (*i.e.* July 4th) pretty hard pressed. They don't seem to be in any hurry to rescue us ; and, though there may be some good reason for the fact that nearly six weeks have elapsed since the commencement of hostilities, and no relief has arrived yet, it is quite impossible for us to conceive what that reason may be.

The messenger himself was examined by Mr. Petmich, but gave little information. He had seen no foreign troops at all on the way up, though he had come by the route we believe they would take. He also reported that the railway bridge at Yangtsun had not been destroyed, though the Chinese had attempted to do so.

I spent the morning in the usual way—that

is, loafing about and reading various books. In the afternoon I went up to see our position on the wall, which has been immensely enlarged and strengthened since the last time I was there, which was the night on which we rushed the Chinese barricades. We ought to be able to hold the place now against any force the Chinese could send against us. The Chinese have not been idle, and on the Chien Men side there is a strong barricade within forty yards, with a tower in the middle at least twenty feet high. The Chinese soldiers are quite friendly, and one can see them sitting on their barricades fanning themselves. They never fire at our men, but if they sight a Boxer down in the Chinese city they usually try to kill him.

On coming back to the Legation we found a note by Shiba posted up, reconciling (more or less) the statements in the Tientsin Consul's letter and the information received by the Japanese. I think there can be little doubt that some foreign troops are really on the way up ; but we know nothing for certain.

It has been quiet all day, except for one particular sniper in the Fu, who always fires all day long.

29th July.—A very quiet and cool night, and I managed to sleep till past 8 A.M. Colonel Shiba sent in a report obtained from his Chinese spy to the effect that the foreign troops are at Anping, and this was confirmed later by another messenger sent out by the Japs. On the other hand, a Chinese soldier at the French barricade swore positively that no foreign troops had left Tientsin as yet, and the French Minister came in to tell Sir Claude this with a very long face indeed. Another Chinese messenger gave tidings of a great battle at Yangtsun two days ago, that village being razed to the ground. Altogether the news is so contradictory and confused that it is hard to know what to think. It seems hard to believe that the relief force should not have started long ere this; but I fear that we may have to wait some days before they finally arrive. Still, after all, it does not much matter, except for the fact that it is getting very tedious. We can hold out as regards food, though we have had our meat rations reduced to half a pound to-day. The Pei-T'ang has had another heavy attack made on it, but, as far as we can make out, has not been burnt yet. The missionary has been sent back by the Yamen, and does

not seem to have been much hurt, though they had not given him much food. He cannot give any very definite account of his adventure. He was nearly taken to a certain Boxer temple in the West City, but was apparently rescued on the way by Jung Lu's soldiers.

We heard that two foreigners had been caught and executed; but though Huberty James was probably one of them, we cannot make out who the other one was.

I went to church this morning in the Chief's dining-room, and while we were there it began to rain in torrents. It is quite fine again now, however. In the afternoon it was seen that the Chinese were trying to build a barricade from the corner of the road to the North Bridge, so our Italian gun has been sent up to batter it down. I don't know what has happened; but I have just seen a wounded man carried past, so I suppose we have been drawing heavy fire on us for no practically useful purpose.

30th July.—Last night again was quiet enough, and we all got a good sleep. In the morning we found that the barricade, of which we saw the beginnings last night, had been ex-

tended all across the bridge, and they were firing vigorously from it, and made the bridge in Legation Street decidedly dangerous. One Chinese coolie was killed, and a Chinese woman wounded before they realised the danger.

At 10 A.M. Colonel Shiba's spy, who is one of Tung Fu Hsiang's body-guard, gave his report. He said that the Chinese had been driven from Mat'ou; that the Empress had asked Jung Lu and Tung to send her with an army to Hsi-an-fu, but they would not allow it. It is, however, arranged that the Court shall fly westward, and they have already collected 400 carts.

A later messenger said that the Chinese were at Chang-chia-wan with ten liang (5,000 men). He also said that the foreign troops were going to rescue the Roman Catholic village of Chia Chia Tuan, about eight miles from Tungchow, with which they were already in touch.

Finally, about 7.30 P.M., two coolies sent out by the Japs reported (1) that the foreign troops were at Mat'ou; (2) confirmed the news as regards Chia Chia Tuan. Another messenger of our own came back, ostensibly from

Yangstun, but his story was evidently untrue,¹ and appeared to show that no large army had even started from Tientsin, so he has been locked up.

It is rumoured that a big attack is to be made on the Pei-T'ang to-night, and that they have been collecting oil all over the city in order to burn the place ; but we are sceptical of this, and in any case could do nothing to help them.

The Chinese have been sniping freely all day from the Mongol Market and the North Bridge, but there have been no foreign casualties. We have been replying with a heavy old-fashioned muzzle-loader with a three-ounce bullet, which once was used by Russian troops early in the century, but as far as we know without much effect.

31st July.—A very bad night, in which I succeeded in rubbing the bandage down to my ankle, leaving the wound quite exposed, so I had to have it dressed and bandaged again. The Chinese soldier-spy who is in Tung Fu Hsiang's body-guard and has a brother in the same man's Yamen, reports : 'Foreign army

¹ In the end he proved right.

advanced from Mat'ou, fighting up till 8 P.M., 29th. Arrived at Chang Chia Wan at 5 P.M., 30th. Chinese army reported to be five miles south of Tungchow. The Ch'ang An (invincible army of fifteen liangs) from South Shansi, which started on first day sixth moon, is to-day expected at the Nan Hai Tzu, on the way to Tungchow. The five great armies of Jung Lu have been given to Li Peng Heng. Li Hung Chang expected at Tientsin in two days. Fifteen gunboats reported to be at Tientsin. Official despatch from Ching len fu reports that Yuan Shih Kai was in rebellion, has joined the Germans, and is advancing with them on Peking.'

No other news of any importance, though in the early morning a French sailor went and shot one of the few outside coolies who regularly go out and buy eggs for us. We hoped that two coolies sent to Tungchow to meet the troops would return and tell us the news, but they have not so far. I went out for a walk through the Fu and the hotel this afternoon, and found that very good barricades were erected last night to protect us from the fire from the new Chinese barricades on the North Bridge.

1st August.—Another restless night, though there was not much in the way of firing to disturb us. Just as we were getting up, Tewkesbury came in to tell us the usual daily report of the Chinese soldier-spy, which this time was not so favourable as usual. He reported that the Chinese yesterday morning advanced on Changchia-wan, and drove back the foreign troops first to Mat'ou, and later in the day to Anping; 140 foreigners were killed, chiefly by shell-fire, and the Chinese also lost heavily. He also said that the whole country round about is now swarming with Chinese soldiery. We have this afternoon received some information which tends to show that the above spy has all along been lying, as some of us suspected. He has been paid daily, with a promise of a large reward hereafter if his news should be true, but he has very likely been content to take his daily pay, and to supply such information as would please us most, and make us keep on paying him.

This afternoon's news is a brief letter to the Japanese Minister stating that 'up to now (July 26) it has been impossible to send off the relief force owing to difficulties of transport, but they hope to start in two or three days,' and a

further letter will be sent when the expected date of arrival in Peking is known.

A cipher telegram received by Sir Robert Hart through the Yamen two days ago was to-day placarded; it had been transcribed by memory, the key having been burnt with all the other Customs papers, and the sense was as follows: It appeared to refer to a wire of the Japanese Minister sent to Tientsin from here on June 29th, and also to the United States Minister's wire forwarded by the Yamen on July 18th, and seemed to show that the then state of affairs was known everywhere. It stated that relief was being hastened, and that it was known that the Chinese Government was protecting and feeding us (*sic*).

Altogether this news is not very satisfactory, and points to the fact that we shall have to wait another week or so, which is not pleasant. The Boxers set fire to another small building in the Hanlin to-day, and are constantly sniping into us, so we are not being very well 'protected' by the Chinese. As regards food, we are as badly off as ever, indeed worse, for we are now on half rations of horse; no egg-sellers at all have come in since two coolies were shot by

Chinese just outside our barricades last night, and stores of every kind are getting very low indeed.

There is a rumour that the Yamen have again asked the Ministers to name a day for leaving the city, but I don't know if it is true; and, of course, in any case we couldn't go, even if they did as they have done before, and attacked us for refusing to go.

The unfortunate children are feeling the bad food and lack of fresh air more and more every day, and one of them has developed, or rather is suspected of, scarlet fever, which will inevitably spread if a change of air and diet is not available soon. It is marvellous to think that the eight Great Powers cannot send an army eighty miles inland within seven or eight weeks.

2nd August.—The usual sniping went on last night, but no one even notices it now, and our men scarcely ever waste powder in replying. In the afternoon I went up for a walk on the wall, where our position is now practically impregnable, and occupies a good 300 yards, a very different state of affairs from what it was on the night (July 3rd) when we went up to storm

the Chinese barricade, and found that the enemy were so close that we could hear them whispering. It is very quiet there now, and there is practically no sniping even, except a stray shot now and then from the Boxer temple down below. While I was up there we saw two Chinese bearing a white flag go into the German Legation, presumably with a letter from the Yamen. In the evening people were much excited by the arrival of a messenger from Tientsin with letters from Consul Ragsdale to the American Minister, from Dr. Lourie to his wife, and from the American General Chaffey.

The gist of these was as follows:—First, that they had given up hope of seeing us again until they got our letters on the 21st ult.; (2) that large numbers of troops were arriving every day—America and France sending 15,000 each, Italy 5,000, &c.; curiously enough, no mention was made of how many troops Britain was sending; (3) that 10,000 troops had started on the 29th with the purpose of diverting the attention of the Chinese troops surrounding us and of clearing the way for the main body of 40,000, which was to start shortly; (4) that the

foreign settlement at Tientsin had been shelled for thirty days and besieged for nine; it was relieved on June 23rd, and Seymour's force was rescued the day after—the latter, when he had to turn back, found himself surrounded, and had to hold out for fourteen days with only about three days' rations; (5) that the Russians had their hands full in Manchuria, and recently had been fighting the Chinese near Shan-hai-Kwan; (6) that Boxers were killing the converts at Tang-shan, Pei-tai-ho, &c., and that there have been many disturbances up the Yangtze, whither British gunboats had proceeded; (7) that all the foreign property at Pei-tai-ho was destroyed; (8) that Li Hung Chang was still in Shanghai, and was not decided as to whether he would come north or not; (9) that a large force of Chinese was at Peits'ang, six miles north of Tientsin, and that they were known to have several strongly entrenched positions on the way up here; (10) that McKinley, Roosevelt, and Bryan were the candidates for the United States Presidency; (11) that many of the Tientsin women and children had been sent to the United States on the transport 'Logan'; (12) that much anxiety was being felt all over the world

on our account, and that they trusted that we could hold out until relief came.

This was the whole news contained in the letters, though I have omitted many details, such as the names of the various American regiments, &c. There was nothing about British troops beyond the bare statement that the main army was composed of Americans, British, and Japs. On the whole, the news is satisfactory, as we know that an adequate force is really on the way. There are many little things which we should have liked to know, but all the Tientsin Consuls seem to be very poor hands at letter-writing when the letters have to be condensed into the smallest possible space. I am afraid it will take this army a long time to get up here, owing to difficulties of transport &c.; it is apparently that which has delayed them so long as it is. We all wish most fervently that they were here, as the monotony of our present life is maddening, and we are all more or less unwell, owing to lack of vegetables &c.

3rd August.—A bad night. I awoke at midnight, and could not for the life of me get

to sleep again, so at the first streak of dawn I got up and dressed, and spent the long hours between then and breakfast in loafing about the compound and reading. Everybody is talking about the letters received last night. The one addressed to Captain Myers has not been read yet, as he is very seedy, and it is feared he is developing typhoid. However, I don't suppose it will contain any fresh news, except, perhaps, more details of the United States force. There is no news from the Japs' spy, whom they are still keeping on at thirty-five dollars a day, though he has certainly been inventing his news all the time. Yesterday, he reported that the foreign troops had been driven right back to Yangtsun, and possibly to Tientsin, and that they had lost 1,000 men. The 'Peking Gazette' of July 30 has been procured, and among other things we find that two Yamen Ministers, Yuan Ch'ang (the best of the lot) and another pro-foreign man have been executed for 'giving wild advice' calculated to raise dissension (between the Empress and Emperor), and for pro-foreign tendencies. The flies are simply maddening just now, so that I must stop writing, but I will continue

this in the evening if there is any fresh news.

In the afternoon a messenger came from the Yamen bringing a cipher telegram from Lord Salisbury, saying that he had heard nothing of us since July 4, and asking for information. The Yamen offered to transmit replies to such communications, and I believe one was sent to them. The Ministers had a meeting to discuss, amongst other things, the advisability of asking the Yamen to supply us with food, and I hear that it was decided not to do so. Why not, no one can say. The Chinese Government is taking the credit of feeding us in any case, and most of us agree that no harm could come of asking the Chinese to allow us to buy such things as fresh meat, milk, vegetables, and ice, some of which articles are badly wanted to give to some of the sick children and adults. Of course, we could give them to understand that we were in no need of the actual necessities of life.

We hear to-day that the Chinese soldier-spy who gave us the elaborate story of the advance of our troops confessed that the whole thing was a fabrication planned by some small

military officials, and done chiefly for the sake of the reward of thirty-five dollars a day he was getting. He has been kept on on the understanding that he will tell the truth in future, and is to receive no more ready money for ten days. It seems to many of us rather foolish keeping such a man on, but no doubt the Japs know their own business best.

4th August.—Another bad night; the monotony of the siege gets on my nerves, and I can't sleep at all. No news of any importance so far. The Germans report that the Chinese opposite their barricades are most friendly, and when they were told that they would be fired on if seen enlarging their defences, they vowed they had not done a stroke of work on them since the beginning of the armistice, and invited the Germans to come over and see for themselves. No word or sign of the relief column as yet, which seems to us very strange, and to point to the fact that they have not started as yet, owing to continued difficulties as regards transport perhaps. It is certainly extraordinary that such a large foreign army should take such a time to come eighty miles in the face of

such miserable troops as the Chinese have. The Yamen have again been asking us to go away, and have offered that the great Jung Lu shall escort us personally. I don't know how the Ministers answered them.

There are Chinese rumours to-day: a great battle fought—where I don't know—but the advance guard of the foreign army is by way of being only forty miles away.

There has been a lot of sniping this afternoon in the Mongol Market and at the Russian barricade in Legation Street. All the Chinese round our rear seem to be Boxers, and continually annoy us, whereas on the east side of our square, where the French and Germans are, and on the top of the wall, they are most friendly, and never fire a shot. A Russian sailor was wounded this afternoon while working at a barricade; as usual, it was because he exposed himself recklessly, just because he thought they couldn't hit him. A terrible lot of our men have been killed or wounded that way, and yet some men are not a bit more careful even now.

5th August.—There was a heavy rainstorm

last night, and under cover of this the Chinese in the Mongol Market fired a good deal; otherwise, the night was quiet. There was no authentic news except a letter of condolence from the Yamen on the death of the King of Italy. There were also some wires from various Governments, but their contents have been kept secret.

There were many rumours from Chinese sources. One was that the troops had not yet started; while others said that there had been a fight at Ho-hsi-wu, and that black troops had been used on our side. To none of these can any weight be attached.

6th August.—Early this morning there was a very sharp fusillade between 1.30 and 2.15, beginning in the Mongol Market, and spreading round to the Hanlin and also to the Fu, where, however, there was but little firing. I had a very bad night, and woke in the morning to find that my wound was exposed, and the bandages were round my ankle. However, that does not matter, as the actual bullet-hole has healed entirely. I went to get it dressed properly later, and tried hard to get Dr. Velde to allow me to

do duty, but he was obdurate, and persisted that it was quite unnecessary. No news of any moment up to now—4 P.M.

A messenger came in from the Yamen this evening, stating that the cause of the excessive firing last night was that our men had attempted to make a sortie, and had thus forced the Chinese to resist it. I hear that the Ministers are going to send an emphatic denial of this, and an exact account of how and where the firing began. Also a request that the soldiers who gave the false report to the Yamen should be punished, and also all those who took part in the firing.

7th August.—A very quiet night, as we had expected after the Yamen's letter; still, there were single shots fired every ten minutes all through the night, and in the early morning some Chinese Christians were fired at as they were crossing the canal. About 11 A.M. a Japanese was shot through a loophole, and there has been more or less sniping all day. No word at all of the troops, although it is now eight days since they were to have started. There are not even Chinese rumours, and people

are getting very much depressed at the continued and wearisome waiting.

Another child died last night simply from lack of suitable and fresh food, and more will certainly follow if the Ministers do not demand of the Yamen the means of procuring milk and eggs &c. If they refuse we are no worse off, and it puts them all the more in the wrong. If we don't ask, and afterwards complain of the scarcity of food, the people at home will say, 'Oh, we thought the Chinese Government was supplying you; didn't you ask them for what you wanted?' and when we answer 'No' we shall only be thought fools for our pains.

8th August.—We had another little 'attack' last night, which did not last long, though it was rather noisy. The firing was confined chiefly to the Mongol Market, where some Chinamen came out of their barricades and wandered about amongst the ruins of the houses burnt at the beginning of the siege. No harm was done. This morning an auction was held of the Chinese clothing &c. looted from the various houses we have had to take possession of. Nearly all the things sold at prices far above their intrinsic

value, I suppose because people wanted them as mementoes of the siege. I hear the money thus gained is to go to the relief of the converts, and no doubt every penny will be needed. In the afternoon a notice was posted for the first time this week that Colonel Shiba had got news from a coolie he sent out, to the effect that all soldiers except five ying of Tung Fu Hsiang's were leaving the city. It was not known where the foreign troops were, but it was reported that 50,000 more foreign troops have landed at Taku.

The Yamen also sent formal messages to several Ministers to say that Li Hung Chang had been deputed to arrange terms of peace with the foreign generals.

The above seems to show that the Chinese Government are aware that an overwhelming force is on its way to Peking, and that they are therefore getting ready to submit. I am afraid it also points to the fact that the relief is not much further than Yangtsun at the most, and that they are waiting for reinforcements, even though they have possibly already had some victory over the Chinese troops.

9th August.—No word of the troops as yet. They seem to have vanished into the unknown. Last night there were three separate ‘attacks,’ chiefly centred at the Fu, though they worked round to the Mongol Market. No one was hurt. This morning a French soldier shot a comrade rather badly, which is awkward, as we can’t afford to lose any men in that way.

10th August.—There was one very noisy burst of firing last night, and I hear that our men in the Mongol Market killed a Boxer and captured another, as some three or four had ventured out of their barricade. 4.15 P.M.—Great excitement is being manifested over the fact that a message has been received from General Gaselee saying: ‘Foreign troops in three columns advancing on Peking; have twice defeated Chinese. Keep up your hearts.’ This was dated 8th at Ts’aits’un, and the messenger reported that he had been told that the forces expected to arrive at Peking in three or four days. He also said that the foreigners were simply ‘hung-ing’ the Chinese troops — *i.e.* driving them back as one would ‘shoo’ a flock of hens. He also reported having seen horse soldiers with

black faces, so evidently Indian cavalry have been sent out. The messenger was one sent out by us a few days ago, and bearing a plan of the city for the information of the general.

The Japanese have also received a message by the same man to the following effect: 'The Japs and Americans defeated the Chinese at Peits'ang, and then the allied forces proceeded to Yangtsun, where they again gained a victory. They met the messenger at a village a few li north of Yangtsun, and are glad to hear that we in Peking are still holding out. They expect to be at Ho Hsi Wu on the 9th, and at Tungchow on the 12th, and outside the city walls on the 13th.'

This is all good news and corroborates the Chinese coolie-spy, who reported this morning that the troops are at Ho Hsi Wu.

11th August.—The weather is beastly just now—fearfully stuffy, with occasional heavy showers of rain, which make a horrid mess of the place without lessening the heat. Indeed, the latter is rather increased by them, and the damp, sweating atmosphere makes it very hard to sleep at night; indeed, I spent most of last

night in strolling about the compound. We heard this morning that, though the Yamen had not answered our Ministers' letters about starting a market in here for fresh provisions, the messenger had verbal orders from Jung Lu to say that he would arrange unofficially for supplies, and asked for a list of what was wanted. Just as I wrote the above Sir Claude looked in to say that the Yamen had never for a moment thought that they were preventing food from coming in, but that the merchants of such goods as we wanted were 'men of small means' and were afraid of the barricades. They also said they would send an official to-morrow to ask for a list of what we want, so we shall probably get the things on the day the allied troops march in. One amusing thing was the fact that the Yamen messenger was fired upon by the Chinese as he went into the German position, at which he was very indignant. The Yamen also said in their letter that they had made careful inquiries as regards the firing at night, and had found it was due 'to the Christian converts firing on their soldiers.'

No fresh word of the troops; they evidently seem to be in no hurry, and have

never tried to send a messenger of their own so far.

I went out for a walk to-day with Tweed to see how the remains of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank building stand. They are in wonderful good order considering the shelling and rifle-fire directed on them at one time and the attempts to loot them early in the siege. We have had some rain to-day, but not enough to make it unpleasant for the troops.

12th August, Sunday.—I actually managed to get a few hours' rather restless sleep last night. There was a tremendous lot of firing, and the French lost a man, while a German was killed this morning. We are replying to their fire, and generally succeed in silencing them with a few shots of a machine gun, and often the firing is really brought on by our men, who are pushing forward the barricades in the Mongol Market.

I was up on the city wall this morning, but could see nothing. The Chinese in the nearest barricade were amusing themselves by firing blank charges from a big gun, and by sniping into the road below.

An urgent note came from the Yamen asking for an interview so as to discuss matters and arrange for cessation of hostilities. This shows that they are in an awful fright, and shows also that the troops are very near. The Ministers have said that they will see them at 11 A.M. to-morrow. It will be interesting to see what happens.

There was another smart fusillade in the Mongol Market just now, and sniping goes on always. 9 P.M.—We have just heard with much regret of the death of Captain Labrousse, a French officer, who was here on a visit when this began, and who has worked well all the time. He was standing on the verandah of one of the French Legation houses, and had just remarked ‘that, the end of the siege being so near, it was necessary to be extra careful as regards exposing oneself,’ when a bullet struck him in the forehead, and he dropped dead. There has been a furious fusillade ever since 4 P.M., and our men in the Mongol Market have been replying, and have done some execution.

13th August.—There was a continual fusillade the whole of last night, quite as persistent and

as furious as we ever used to have. Fortunately, no foreigner was injured after the French officer Labrousse, who was buried early this morning. Preparations were made to receive the Yamen Ministers outside the gate. They never came, but sent a letter instead to the following effect : 'that they feared it would be useless to talk peace when we were so evidently bent on aggression, as was shown by the fact that last night we had "sortied," and had killed one of their captains and also killed and wounded twenty-six men.'

The message ended up by remarking that Prince Ching and his colleagues were occupied, and would not visit the Ministers.

I was not at all surprised at their not coming. I suppose it was because they were annoyed at not being received yesterday, as had been asked. It may also be that the allied forces have been delayed in some way, and that the Yamen fancies that it can prevent their entrance. For the rest of the morning nothing much was going on, but it was fearfully hot, and in the afternoon Tweed, Percy Smith, and I spent an hour and a half in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank strong-room, which is a pretty deep cellar and

delightfully cool. When we got back we found the Yamen had sent in another message enclosing telegrams—three for Sir Robert Hart, of which we heard little beyond the facts that people were very anxious about us, and that the payment of the revenue to the Chinese has been suspended; one for the Austrians, saying that 5,000 troops and three cruisers are on the way.

Sir Robert told me of a rumour current amongst the Chinese stating that the officer of whose death the Chinese officials complained was no less a person than the general of the Shansi troops. He had guaranteed to clear us out in five days; as the fifth day had arrived and we were still living, he came in person to urge his men on. Unfortunately the wall of the barricade where he was came down, exposing some forty soldiers to our fire, which was prompt, and succeeded in killing or wounding the greater part.

Another rumour was that troops had come in from the Nan-hai-tze, and some, of course, were supposed to be taking their position round about us. They have mounted two guns on the Imperial City wall, which looks rather aggressive. Yet the Yamen said in a note this evening that

any of their men firing a shot would be court-martialled.

Just about 7.15 a most tremendous fusillade started and went on hard at it for over an hour. They fired six shots at the Front Gate redoubt, two of which hit, doing but little damage. Then there was a lull for ten minutes, and then it broke out again, and was so noisy that the alarm bell was rung and the reserves called out. A 'one-pound shell' had gone into the Chief's bedroom. However, it was found that in spite of the noise no harm was done, and the reserves were dismissed.

As I write the firing has become as violent as ever, and they are using the big guns. Big guns can be heard up at the Pei T'ang, and in other directions too.

The noise is so deafening that we can't hear ourselves speak. I shall probably soon rise and see what is up, though it is very dark, and my leg gives me trouble. I doubt not that we shall all get through the night all right in spite of the notices stuck up saying that 'not a dog or a chicken shall escape.' Nice consistent people, the Chinese!

14th August (last day of siege).—This is a great day, being at last that of the arrival of the relief force in a somewhat dramatic manner as regards our men, who, as usual, managed to be first. We had had a very hot night of it, and at dawn we were surprised to hear the rattle of a Maxim somewhere in the direction of the Sha Wo Men; and Cologan, the Spanish Minister, and *doyen* of the diplomatic body, was so excited by this that he rushed round to all his acquaintances shouting, 'We are saved! we are saved!' and causing the women to shed tears of joy.

However, there was no further sign of the troops until about 8 A.M., when shells were seen dropping thickly over the Chi Hua Men, which process went on all the morning. I was up on the wall watching them, but it was so hot that I came down again. At 2.45 or so we heard that 'German Cavalry' was approaching the wall by way of the Imperial Canal; this proved to be General Gaselee and his Staff, escorted by sixty Indian troops. He was received with most hysterical enthusiasm by nearly everyone, though here and there a Russian or Jap looked disappointed. It appears the column started from Tungchow at 4.30 A.M., and entered the

Chinese city by the Sha Wo Men, finding no difficulty in doing so; they then went to the Temple of Heaven, which they made their headquarters and base.

Later on others came in—*i.e.* American Marines in large force and some more Bengal Lancers, as well as a company of South Wales Borderers. There was absolutely no room to move until some of them had been drafted elsewhere. The officers alone absolutely swamped our T'ing'rh and the Lady's dining-table.

When the troops had rested a little some were taken off to the various posts, and before they had been five minutes in the place a Sikh was badly shot through a loophole in the front redoubt. Hard luck, as we have never had any casualty there before.

15th August.—I am rather a wreck to-day, as I rashly went out with a party to occupy the Carriage Park, and had a tumble which hurt my bad knee.

We hear this morning that the Russians and Japs came in during the night. The French started out to relieve the Pei T'ang, but did not succeed. Our artillery sent 40 or 50 shells into

the Imperial City, and various parties of Americans, Japs &c. have been clearing the streets and taking possession of the big Yamens. Our men have the Board of War building and all the Carriage Park. It is now known with fair certainty that the Empress and Emperor and all the Ministers have fled to Shansi. The Imperial palace has not been actually attacked yet, because it is not decided whether to burn it and all the contents or to leave it intact.

We are still living on pony, but to-morrow are to have beef, which will be a welcome change. No vegetables or eggs as yet, as the troops fire at and frighten the friendly natives, and even if one sends one's boy out with a pass they will take away anything he may bring in. There was a tremendous blaze in the Imperial City this evening, but no one knows what it is exactly.

16th August.—A fairly good night on the whole. A party of 1,000 British and French went out early to-day to relieve the Pei T'ang, but found that this had already been done during the night by the Japs. Nothing else to record so far. I am going to try and move into

a Chinese house to-day or to-morrow, but find it hard to get any servants, as most of the Chinese are out looting &c. Four of Tung Fu Hsiang's men were captured this morning, and will, I suppose, be shot. 9 P.M.—Nothing more has been done to-day, though the looting goes on as usual. We have managed to get a lot of silver and silks, but not a tenth part of what the Japs have.

17th August.—Spent the morning in trying to find a house : all those near the Bank were in ruins, and we had to cross the Ha Ta Men Ta Chieh, before we found a decent one. This was the house of a Huei Kuan, who was away in the country. It consists of five courtyards, and will give ample room for the Bank offices and staff. We accordingly got a man to look after it for us, and in the afternoon I got a servant and a rickshaw coolie, and went over there again. In one of the lumber rooms I found a foreign bed and sofa, chairs &c., which I shall of course use. The boy is to get all ready, and I hope to get in in a day or two. Looting still goes on, as the Commissariat is badly arranged, so that some people can get no meat at all, and

are worse off than during the siege. We hope that soon we may be able to buy things, especially as I am going to live outside, and shall have to depend on my boy for all the necessaries of life. No military operations are going on just now, and the Palace is still intact. We have got a wire up to this place now, but not for private use.

18th August.—Nothing much to record. I have been working hard at my arrangements for moving into the looted house. A report went round about noon that there were 50,000 Boxers collected in the Nan Hai Tzu. A small body of men were sent down to reconnoitre, but nothing much was seen. There was a long Ministers' meeting this morning, in which it was arranged that each nation should take over the policing of a certain section of the city. It was also, I hear, decided not to touch the Palace until orders from home were received concerning it. It is empty now, of course, and is strictly guarded all round to keep looters out.

19th August.—I am writing this in my new abode, whither I shifted but half an hour ago.

It is fairly comfortable, and, though at present I have got scarcely anything in the way of crockery &c., still I hope to get some soon. Most of the missionaries and people are going either on Monday or Wednesday, when the American and British convoys respectively start.

The Russian general went over the Palace yesterday evening. He and his party were received most obsequiously by the ten eunuchs left in charge. Tweed, who was there, says that the jade ornaments and the decorations generally are magnificent. I only hope that I shall be able to see it some day. They are taking great precautions against its being looted.

20th August.—I found my first night in a Chinese house rather stuffy and uncomfortable. However, I got through the night somehow, and after a light breakfast went out in my cart to find some food. We did not go very far, as the roads are awful, but we made arrangements to get in some flour and rice. Just as I came back I met Houston, who had brought up Ch'un and all his Chinese staff. After this I went to the Legation, and did not get home till after dark. Nothing exciting is going on, but the city is

gradually being policed, and some of the Chinese are recovering from their fright.

21st August.—It is just a week since the troops came. Last night young F., who had been looting an arsenal, gave me a Mannlicher carbine and fifty rounds, so I am very well armed. I did intend to go out very early tomorrow, but now it has begun to rain heavily, and looks like continuing, in which case it will probably be impossible to go, as my mule is dead tired and also half-starved, and is not very strong at his best. Curiously enough, I heard to-day that in an arsenal near Li Hung Chang's house several of my books were found, mostly ruined by damp; one was lying open on the table just as it had been left by some English-speaking Chinaman. It was Dodd's 'Beauties of Shakespeare,' which I scarcely think any Chinaman could appreciate.

22nd August.—A long and heavy day. I was up at 5 A.M., meaning to go out to the Huo Men, but the weather was so wet that I had to stay in and send a coolie down with my letters. The British convoy, which was to have gone

this morning, never went, though they might have done so easily enough, as the rain stopped about 7 A.M.

In the morning I went outside the Ha Ta Men in my cart, and actually succeeded in getting a man to bring in ice every day.

I tiffed with the Squiers again, they having given me a most cordial and sincere general invitation, and after a little more work I went out with —— for a long expedition in search of eggs and chickens. We were away for more than four hours, and the roads were awful. With infinite difficulty we got three minute eggs, two hens, and three small chickens. It is really next to impossible to get anything inside the city, but I dare say a week will help to restore confidence. No military operations are going on just now beyond the policing of the city. It has been at last announced that a post office is to be opened and a mail closed daily at 3 P.M.

23rd August.—Nothing to record to-day except that a large body of Germans arrived (about 2,500, I think), and that more are on the way up. Some people now anticipate a row

royal up here between the Japs, Americans, and us on the one side, and France, Germany, and Russia on the other. It seems at first sight a wild idea, but I should not be surprised at anything now, and it might be unpleasant for me, living as I do in the Russian quarter. Perhaps we may all have to turn out anyway, as no business can be done at present.

I got up later than usual to-day, and as I wanted to give the mule a rest I did not start for the British Legation until 11.30. In the afternoon B. came and gave me a hand at sorting D.'s books and things. After that I went over to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank to hear the gossip of the day.

24th August.—Another quiet and very warm day. I went down to the Legation about 10 A.M., meaning to go with B. to the coal hill, but found he had already gone off.

About 3 P.M. I went foraging for foreign stores with great success, as I got some oil, which I was entirely without, and candles, soap, tinned meats &c., to an extent I never hoped for. I came back home pretty early, and amused myself till dinner-time. From a military

point of view there is just the same quietude and inaction, and they are employing both the troops and many Chinese in clearing away the fortifications in and about the Legation, while the French, Germans &c. are doing their parts of Legation Street. I saw a large number of Russians marching from the Ha Ta Men to-day; they evidently seem determined to pour in troops and make their position here unassailable. From all we can see, we are in a fair way of being edged out of North China, unless indeed our Government at home is making much better progress with the other Governments than we hear about.

Everybody except the diplomatists and the Foreign Office knew that big trouble was bound to come, and for a full month before it broke out several people thoroughly cognisant of the Chinese and their ways came and told their several Ministers exactly what was going to happen, and were sneered at for their pains. It was just the merest chance that the Marines in Tientsin were not taken away a week before the first trouble. Admiral Seymour scoffed at the idea of danger, and even when that danger actually came he only sent up 100 men (twenty-five of

whom were stopped by the Consul at Tientsin) and an old-fashioned Nordenfeldt, which jammed every second shot.

So far no communication has yet come from home with regard to future action. Nor have any of us yet received one of the many letters and papers now awaiting us at Tientsin.

25th August.—Up and dressed by 8 A.M., but did not find time to go down to the Legation till past 11 A.M. At 1 P.M. I went and tiffined with Mrs. —, who showed us some really lovely and valuable jade ornaments which have been given her. Nothing is going on, and no communication has been received from home, as far as I know.

I heard to-day that a Chinese convert had been in with a most circumstantial statement to the effect that a party of Boxers are going through their religious rites every night in a house in the Piao Pei Hutang. He said that originally there were about 200 of them living in this place, and that they had fled when the troops came, but that now some thirty had come back, having made sure that the expected general massacre was not to take place.

Unluckily, the place is nowhere near our district, so we cannot do anything to rout them ; and the Russians manage their police business in a very easy way, there being only one small guard of about three men in the same lane. I mention this story because my house happens to be in the lane in question ; but I must say I don't believe a word of it, and would not shift my quarters if I did. My servants also scoff at the idea, though they admit the fact that there was a large Boxer party in this very house. In any case, it is scarcely likely that they would take any offensive measures beyond, perhaps, stealthily creeping up and burning a house.

26th August.—I was fairly early again to-day, but various little things delayed me, and I did not get to the Legation in time for Church. I am getting pretty used to this Chinese house now ; but it is anything but an ideal residence, as the insect population is enormous and aggressive, and as Keating's powder is not to be had I am literally bitten to pieces. Rats and mice, and occasional cats, constantly scramble across the flimsy lath and plaster of the ceilings and wake me at nights, while there are Chinese dogs

who persist in coming and scratching at the board I put across the doorway at night.

There were two wires from the Queen posted up to-day—one to Sir Claude, referring to the relief the news of our safety had brought her, and one to the officer commanding the Marines, thanking them for the heroic bravery of the defence, and regretting the loss of life.

I hear that the Russians have now 8,000 men in Peking itself. We have 2,200. Pretty significant to those who know the signs of the times.

27th August.—A somewhat disturbed night, owing to the vagaries of the rats &c. on the rafters, and also of the inevitable and insatiable insects. I went down to the Legation, which is now almost as quiet and peaceful as it ever was.

There is as little news as ever. The allied troops are each sending a small escort with their Ministers, who to-morrow are to walk through the Forbidden City, after which the place will be closed up and closely guarded. I don't suppose there will be much to see, though several ladies and others are going to follow in carts. In any case I shall not go, as I don't

suppose my cart would be allowed in, and even if I were allowed to follow on foot I could not keep up.

My knee seems just the least thing less stiff to-day, but the swelling has not gone down, and I can scarcely hope now, as I once did, that it will get all right if left alone.

The Marine guards are all going away on Thursday, a baggage guard of six starting to-morrow; six are being left behind to act as orderlies to Sir Claude.

28th August.—To-day a large number of the foreign troops had a ceremonial parade, and escorted the General and Ministers, with their Staffs, to the gate of the Forbidden City, and then marched right through the place, with bands playing and colours flying. There was a lot of mutually congratulatory cheering &c., of which Shiba's little band of defenders, who marched separate from the other Japs, got their full and well-deserved share. Afterwards, the Generals &c. went through the various apartments, being shown the way by some of the few officials and eunuchs left in the place. Although there is some lovely jade &c. in the place, this

part of the Palace is not as fine as those outside the Forbidden City, which have already been seen.

A large portion of the west side of the Palace was not entered. Why? No one can explain, though Petmich and all the old Peking residents are very much vexed at the continual concessions and consideration that are being paid to Chinese prejudices. Besides, in any case it seems foolish not to do the thing thoroughly and have done with it. It would have been far better if at the very first the Generals had burnt the whole place to the ground, and then asked for instructions from home afterwards.

As it is, the Chinese will report that the foreign Ministers paid a complimentary visit to the Palace, had been entertained to tea and given presents, and then had gone away.

Last night, by a pure accident, the sole remaining gate-tower of the Chien Men was burnt, and even this little thing was looked upon with satisfaction by the friendly Chinese, and as a hopeful sign that at last the foreigners were going to do something towards punishing the hated Court, which has been the cause of such misery to them and theirs. No doubt it

struck a corresponding note of terror in the hearts of the many who still cherish in their breast that fierce hatred of the foreigner which caused them to side with the Boxers, and which is now only restrained by abject fear for their lives and property.

Every day we hear more and more vague rumours of Boxers collecting in the city bounds. We know that there are still considerable numbers in the country around. If this continues—if these rumours are disregarded or pooh-poohed, as was done all last winter—these men will grow bolder, and as many of them are really fanatics, with a rooted and unalterable belief of their own personal invulnerability, we shall be having some small convoy cut up, or some little settlement of converts harried and burnt before help can arrive; then it will be impossible to find the guilty parties.

There is little new to record. It is said that a cable is now in use between Taku and Shanghai, but the clerks at our Field Telegraph Office do not know whether this is true or not.

Our people don't know either when the next convoy can go. Our Marines go down on Thursday, but can take no one with them, as we have

got cheated out of our boats. No letters have come as yet either, nor any stores, and not even our highest authorities can tell us when anything is going to happen or what is going on between here and Tientsin. I have heard it confidently stated that the Russians, aided by Kinder's Staff, are building the railway from both ends, but, though Ma'chia'pu is only four miles from the Legation, no one knows whether it is true or not.

A regular mail service was to be started a week ago, and mails have certainly been sent away; but none have yet been received from Tientsin.

29th August.—Less than ever to record to-day. I only went down to the Legation just in time to tiffin with Mrs. S., and there I met Dr. Morrison, who tells me that a few private wires are coming in at last. The people at the Telegraph Office now know that a new wire has arrived at Taku, but where it leads to they cannot say. A lot more transport arrived on mules to-day; whether one can get any of it remains to be seen. I hear the departure of the Naval Brigade is postponed till Friday, as the

rain has made the road impassable for the guns. The B.'s, C.'s, and others hope to get off with them after all, as some boats have been got. I doubt if they will get off this week, as the rain seems as if it would last ; the same rain stopped a little tea-party I was going to have to-day in farewell to the B's.

A lot more Russians came in last night. There are now 12,000 against our 2,400. When are our men who are by way of coming from Hong Kong going to arrive ?

In spite of the rain it is vilely hot and muggy.

30th August.—Still raining steadily. As I opined, the convoy did not start to-day. I did not go down to the Legation till after tiffin to find out what was going on. The Marines told me that they were to start to-morrow whatever the weather was ; but I found that the C.'s, B.'s &c. had decided not to go, owing to the uncertainty of getting boats at Tungchow.

I went to the Carriage Park to try and get some loot from the Indian troops, but got nothing except a few rotten bracelets. At the auction afterwards I got a very shabby squirrel-skin coat, and finally went home. W—— dined

with me, and the cook managed to dish up quite a decent meal. I was lucky enough to be able to get a stone of potatoes from the Commissariat, which were a great acquisition. W. has just left for his home. I hope some day to get him to come and live here, as he also is living alone.

No news of any kind about the political situation.

31st August.—Rather a bad night, and got up rather later than usual. Nothing is going on politically, and the visit of the Yamen Ministers to our representatives yesterday was purely formal and complimentary, and simply took the form of congratulation that we were still alive, and that the anarchy caused by the Boxers (!!!) had ceased.

I went to the Russian Legation to ask for a notice written in Russian to put on my door, to keep out the Russian soldiers, who every morning pester my servants. Kronpinski told me to go to the Military Governor of the district, and I suppose I shall have to go from official to official and endure endless questioning before I get what I want.

I got four letters to-day addressed to D.

and posted through the Foreign Office, which arrived here yesterday. They were dated from May 10 to June 14, and the last showed that they were in considerable anxiety about us, and that Seymour's force had only then got as far as Langfang.

The weather is still showery, but the Naval Brigade started off this morning, and I believe got to Tungchow all right, guns and all, though of course the roads are bad.

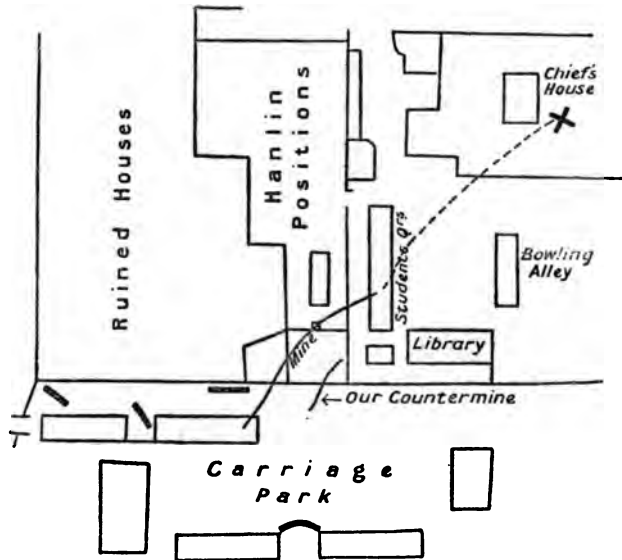
1st September.—The Russians are losing no opportunity of making their presence felt at every possible point. They have occupied Ma'chia'pu station, and are making a show of working at the line from there; but yesterday a party of our Engineers with a suitable guard was sent to occupy Fengtai, the junction where the Luhan Railway connects with the Peking-Tientsin line. I trust that before the winter sets in we may have, together with the Americans, a sufficient force to act as a set-off against our rivals, instead of, as at present, only having together about one-third of the number the Russians have alone. They say that some more of our troops are on the way from Hong Kong,

but not even the Staff officers have any definite news of what is going on. I went to the Post Office to-day, when they told me that four mails from here had been received in Tientsin, but that others had gone astray. Two mails had been received here. The Post-Office people were expecting a lot of bags of foreign mails up to-day, but so far they have not arrived.

I took a walk with —— round the Carriage Park to see if we could see anything of the stolen Mangytail,¹ one of the Marines having told me most positively two days ago that he had seen him come in with a convoy and go into Carriage Park. However, we could see no sign of him; indeed, I fear we never shall. While I was there I had a look at the mine the Chinese made under us. It started in one of the yellow buildings which lie parallel and close to the Hanlin wall, exactly in the place we thought they would try. In the south one of the two buildings there is a deep passage (about twelve feet down), and high and wide enough for a man to walk by stooping a little. This passage had been dug out for a distance of 140 feet, curving neatly round our countermine, which was a

¹ His brother's favourite pony.

passage we made under the wall, and which was known as 'Wintour's Folly,' and laughed at by some of the wise men who now are silent when questioned on the subject. If only it had been continued, as Wintour and many of the rest of



us wished, it would most likely have struck the Chinese mine, though the latter was a good deal deeper. Altogether it was a marvellous piece of luck that the students' quarters were not blown up, as sixteen large cases of powder were found at the mouth of the mine ready

for placing in position, and as the students' quarters were crowded with women and children during the siege, an explosion would have been a far greater disaster than that at the French Legation, which was bad enough.

It was fortunate in a way that we never realised the fact that the fiends were burrowing under our very feet. Now and then one of the civilian sentries who usually guarded that corner of the Hanlin would report that he heard noises in the ground, but they were always so faint that he would usually be laughed at. Then, though 'Wintour's Folly' was made, it was always somehow with the idea of guarding against what the Chinese might do at some future date, and not against what they were doing then. Yet I can remember well that the men working in 'Wintour's Folly' frequently reported that they could hear the Chinese working somewhere near them ; but it was always on the safe side of our countermine, and the workers thought the Chinese feared that we were going to blow them up. They never dreamt that the Chinese probably were working because they heard us, and were accordingly taking care to sweep round our tunnel. I don't quite remember

why our tunnel was finally dropped, but I suppose it was because coolies were wanted very badly elsewhere.

It is probable for various reasons that the Chinese reached the point under the students' quarters a good many days before the end of the siege. The following, which Giles says was told him by a Sapper officer, would account for this—viz. that near the end of the first tunnel there is a branch (indicated by the dotted line), which reached right up to the front of the Chief's house, a distance of, I should say, at least 200 feet. I have not been able to go along myself; but if this is true it shows that the Chinese are no mean engineers, and if, as they no doubt intended, they had exploded the two mines together, the disaster would have been horribly serious, and would have pretty well demoralised the guard for a time at least. It is not pleasant to think that the enemy were actually under the place where we slept (I have no doubt the Chinese knew where all the officers slept), and where we used to sit and talk in our scanty leisure. We were, indeed, marvellously lucky to escape this danger, and it was fortunate indeed that the Chinese did not know of the

coming of the troops until it was too late to hurry on any of their schemes. Blessed be Chinese procrastination, for during these past few months it has saved our lives—though, alas ! not those of some of our best and bravest.

The Chinese also had a long mine on the city wall, stretching from the barricade with the high tower on the west side of the foreign position unto a point in the centre of the barricade we took on the night of July 3, and which we had made strong enough to withstand any big guns they might bring against it. This was made by burrowing right under the six feet deep layer of bricks which form the upper ground work, and then for about 120 feet through the densely packed earth underneath.

If they had blown up the barricade, the Russians, who were responsible for that part of the position, would probably have abandoned it, and if the Chinese had had the pluck to rush the place they might have made a mess of our whole position on the wall. But there again their plans never reached fruition, and the mine simply remains as a curiosity and a significant comment on the ways of the Chinese soldier.

2nd September.—My leg is rather sore from so much walking yesterday, and I did not go out this morning, though it is a fine sunny day, and the roads ought to be fairly good by now.

After tiffin I felt I must go out, and strolled along to the Post Office, only to find that no mails had as yet arrived. They say that more than half the carts of yesterday's convoys from Tungchow stuck halfway, and have not yet come in.

As I was up at the Post Office, I went on to the Legation, and had tea with the C——s. We also had a look at the Chinese mine, but did not go down for want of a candle. I hear that it is not even yet fully explored and has more than one branch ; in fact, it was apparently meant to destroy the whole of the north end of the Legation, and even now it gives us defenders a cold shiver to think how all the time these fiends were burrowing under the very places where we ate and slept.

No news of any kind to be heard at the Legation, though a lot of old papers arrived from the Tientsin Consulate. There were none for me, but C. lent me some copies of the

Hong Kong Weekly, in which I have been reading with interest the outside views of our fate.

3rd September.—Expected my teacher this morning, but he did not come, as all the Chinese under my protection have got a day wrong in their calculations, and vowed that this was Sunday.

I saw Sir Claude about the proposed application for a wound gratuity; but I fear, according to the regulations, I can get nothing, as it only applies to officers, and though I was doing officer's work when I was wounded, and had been doing it regularly for some weeks, I doubt if I can be reckoned as one for this purpose. Sir Claude is very kind, and says he will have a good try about it; but I much doubt if it will come to anything, and it may be more trouble than it is worth.¹ He was also kind enough to take my wire for —, and will send it through officially, and it will thus reach much quicker than a private wire could.

¹ In February 1901 an award of 500*l.* was made by the British Government to Mr. Nigel Oliphant in consideration of his wound and his gallant services during the siege.

This afternoon I went up to the Pei T'ang with some ladies, and we were shown round the place by two of the Sisters, one of whom spoke excellent English. The poor things have had a far worse time even than we thought. The place was crowded with women and children, and there is scarcely a single building which is not more or less badly shelled, while some are almost in ruins. Their worst troubles, however, were mines, the largest of which caused a terrible disaster on August 12, only two days before the foreign force entered Peking. A vast conical crater in the earth, about one hundred feet in diameter and thirty-five deep, now occupies the place where part of the Orphanage buildings stood. Nearly fifty women and children were engulfed, and five Italian sailors, of whom three were dug out, but expired soon after. The shock was so terrific, that the roof of the front gate of the compound, several hundred yards away, was shattered by the concussion, and another building, in which the Italian officer was sleeping, suffered in the same way. The unfortunate man was buried by some five feet depth of *débris*; it took three-quarters of an hour to dig him out, and by means of artificial respiration

and strong stimulants he was brought back to life, and now, except for a few bruises, he is all right.

Another mine was dug under the Imperial City wall, which on the west adjoins the Pei T'ang. This was discovered before it was finished, and a countermine was hastily begun. Just as they were getting down to the Chinese tunnel the latter exploded a quantity of powder under their feet, and blew some twenty-five Chinese converts to pieces. Sister Angèle told me with a shudder of the horrible task they had had in collecting the remains in baskets and burying them.

Two smaller mines were exploded, but outside their wall, and did, practically speaking, no serious damage. When the troops came the Chinese were at work at a large tunnel, which was evidently meant to reach the Cathedral itself. The latter is a good deal knocked about with shell and round shot, and in one case a hole ten feet or more across has been made by a ball striking the keystone of a window. Rifle bullet-marks are everywhere, especially high up on the Cathedral dome. The place was crowded with refugees all the time, and they must have had

a warm time when the fusillades were going on. Yet, strange to say, very few were killed or wounded by bullets, the mines being the chief cause of loss of life. The French officer was, however, killed by a stray rifle-shot.

They were very hard pressed for want of food, as on the 16th, on which day they were relieved, they ate their last. Till then they had enough to keep them from actual starvation, as they had large supplies in store at first. They were almost in despair when they were rescued, and had heard nothing about the futile French rescue party which went up on the 15th. Even when the Japs did turn up on the morning of the 16th they were a little suspicious at the non-appearance of any European troops, but were reassured when the British and French appeared soon after.

The poor Sister Superior, who was seventy-six years of age, died of shock and fatigue on the 20th. All the Sisters have had a terrible time of it, but behaved nobly all through, and did all they could to make their Chinese orphans and others as comfortable as possible. Many of the poor children are very much pulled down, and I saw a distressing number of cases

of that contagious ophthalmia, which is so common among the Chinese, in the North especially.

They have got several of the guns captured from the Chinese in front of the Cathedral door. They are all old-style ones. Among them is a magnificent bronze one about ten feet long and carrying a 30 lb. ball; it is of fine workmanship, and has a Dutch inscription which shows that it was cast in Rotterdam in 1606. It would be very interesting to know its history.

We went back the way we came—*i.e.* through part of the Palace grounds outside the Forbidden City. We passed the Empress Dowager's ordinary quarters, and went across the marble bridge, on both sides of which stretches a vast lake of lotuses, which must be lovely when all the flowers are in bloom. In one place, close to the shore, is the shabby little island pavilion in which they say the Emperor was shut up. We also got a glimpse of the west side of the Mei Shan, a coal-hill, which is a lovely place. I must certainly visit it when I get my carts from Tungchow. Altogether I enjoyed the little trip immensely, and shall certainly try to explore the place more

fully. We arrived back just in time for tea with Lady MacDonald.

After tea I, with a few others of the defenders who remain, went to the funeral of poor Sawyer, a Marine, who was wounded on June 24 in the first sortie in the Mongol Market, and who has lingered on in great pain till now. I trust that this will at last close the long list of casualties caused by the accursed treachery of the Chinese Government.

Then home at 7.30. B., of the Russo-Chinese bank, turned up to dinner. My cook turned out quite a luxurious meal, and B. was evidently surprised at my collection of stores; so obviously there are many worse off than I am. Still, I am getting low, and have sent a message to S., in Tientsin, to try and send me up some things.

B. and I had a long discussion about trying to start a club, but there are great difficulties in getting a house. Still, we must try; it would make the winter very much more bearable.

No letters have arrived even yet. When will they come?

4th September.—Another very uneventful

day ; indeed, it is hardly worth while keeping a diary at the present moment.

I had my teacher in this morning, and read a few of the forty exercises, and then had a long conversation on past events and future prospects. Then I had a couple of Bank letters to write, and after tiffin went to the Post Office, only to be disappointed again with regard to the arrival of mails. I went to the Legation to hear the news, but there was little of interest. They were just sending out dhoolies for P. and S., who are living in Chinese houses outside, and both have contracted typhoid. N. tells me that B. and M. are both having to move from their houses in this Russian quarter owing to the persistent annoyance to which the Cossacks subject them and their servants, in spite of the fact that B., at any rate, has a signed and sealed Russian notice, given him by the Russian Governor, and forbidding all soldiers to enter. My house and the Chinese inmates have been more or less free from this annoyance for the past few days, but it is quite possible that the Russian authorities may really be desirous of turning us out in this indirect way, and that I may be the next victim.

5th September.—Got up as usual, and read some five exercises with my teacher, and afterwards had a long talk with him and gave him a lesson in geography ; but I am quite sure that he did not believe that China was a comparatively small part of the world. After tiffin I went out to get some stores at Kierulf's, and called at the Post Office, where I found that no mails had arrived. I also went to the Legation to see if any more Foreign Office bags had been received, but was disappointed in this also. There was no news going. B. and Co. got to Tungchow all right yesterday, and my carts came back to-day. My boy actually managed to buy me some fish to-day, which shows that the country people are resuming their original occupations. I had some difficulty in convincing him that even the Russians and Japs did not contemplate a wholesale massacre in Peking, as the Chinese seem to fear.

I had to go to the front gate about 7 P.M. to clear away the Cossacks, who were hammering at the door with their rifle butts. They apparently had lost their way, but soon cleared out on my addressing them vehemently in English and French.

My teacher and servants are very anxious to know if Prince Ching has come to Peking. I believe he has, but has not as yet paid Sir Claude an official visit, though I have no doubt the Japs and Russians have already interviewed him on the quiet. Some of the Chinese seem to think that we are certain to beg the Emperor to come back to Peking, and that when he came the foreign troops would at once retire to Tientsin. My teacher was quite aghast when I told him that the Russians and French would probably insist on a division, and that in any case foreign troops would be here for another year at the very least.

I heard from an American officer to-day that a foraging party of theirs came across a body of the Imperial troops in the Western Hills, and killed twenty-five and captured nearly 200 Mauser rifles. I also heard from Kroupenski, the Russian Second Secretary, that their people at Ma'chia'pu had been seriously attacked, and had to send for reinforcements. It is about time for the Powers to send out a flying column to crush the large number of Boxers and soldiers who are just now infesting the country round about. If not, the next thing will be

that we shall have a convoy cut to pieces. As it is, the wires are cut almost every day. If they would burn a village every time this was done, they would soon stop that game.

6th September.—Nothing to record. We hear that a large quantity of foreign mail from Tientsin arrived in the city yesterday, but no one knows where it has got to, though both the Imperial Chinese Post Office authorities and our Field Post Office have been making inquiries.

Another battalion of French came in to-day, a fairly good lot, far better than the Tonquinese lot which arrived at the beginning. When are we going to get any more men up?

7th September.—To-day I at last got some of my belated letters, but not through the Post Office. S. most kindly got as many as he could find at Tientsin, and sent them up by L. S., who has come up here on leave. S. is also sending me some stores when he can get them. He warns me to send all my home letters to him, as the Imperial Chinese Post Office is not at all safe.

There is no news except that Prince Ching is now here and visited the Minister yesterday,

but he only came to chat and not to talk business. I hear the Russian Legation and Bank people are off in a day or two, and the Chinese fondly think that most of their troops will go too. My teacher clings persistently to the idea that when the Chinese Emperor comes back to Peking all the foreign troops will retire to Tientsin, and he does not at all like my open declarations of the probability of the division of China and the certainty of foreign troops remaining at least a year. No news at all of what is going on outside.

There is a meeting to be held to-morrow of the Sports Club, to which the General has given the grounds of the Temple of Heaven as a racecourse, football ground, golf links, or anything they like to make it. I am going to try hard to get a golf course made, and I should like to give a cup in memory of D., for I am sure he would have done all he could to forward golfing interests. I fear it will not be easy to get men to start under the present difficulties, but there are a few keen players, and among the officers there may be more. We shall see to-morrow.

There is no more news of the lost mails, so it

is doubly lucky that S. got my letters. The papers I fear I shall never see, which is annoying, as I have nothing to read.

8th September.—I did not go out till 5.30 P.M. to-day as I was busy with my teacher, letters, and accounts, and also gave my arsenal of a carbine, two revolvers and a gun a thorough cleaning and overhauling. My bad leg has developed a lot of nasty little boils, which are rather painful, and I would not have gone out if it had not been for the Sports Club meeting. As a matter of fact, this only took a few minutes, as the only arrangement made was that each regiment should appoint a representative who would meet the civilian element and make arrangements for a general committee. This is to be to-morrow. I hope we shall manage to get the thing in train.

9th September.—Stayed in bed all the morning to ease my leg, but in the afternoon, about 4 P.M., I went to the Legation to attend the Sports meeting, being considerably delayed on the way down by a huge Jap transport train, which was blocking the whole of Legation Street,

to say nothing of various smaller parties of Russians &c.

At the meeting we managed to get a general committee formed of two civilians and three Army men. They wanted me to be one of the civilians, but I declined, and suggested H. and R., who were eventually chosen. I am on the golf committee with Captain J., of the 2nd S.I., and an as yet unchosen officer of the 1st Sikhs. We are going to prospect as soon as possible, and I shall write to S. to inquire about the clubs that are coming out.

No news of any kind to be got in the Legation, but I got a few belated papers of mine and several of D.'s. They miss him fearfully in the Chancery. He knew all the routine and details so well.

10th September.—After spending the morning in writing letters and with my teacher, I went down in the afternoon to the Legation, calling at the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank on the way. There is really nothing to record, and as this diary was intended to be a history of the siege only, I think it may as well be concluded. Still, I will keep it on in this book till the

14th inst., which will be exactly a month after we were relieved.

11th September.—I heard to-day that some Americans who were foraging to the west of the city came across and scattered two separate parties of Boxers. I also hear that it is known Tung-Fu-Hsiang is with the Court still, and has not fled to his far-off home in West Mansuh. I believe that Prince Ching has been told that no negotiations can be set on foot until Tung-Fu-Hsiang and Prince Tuan have been surrendered. A large party is being sent to Paotingfu, but we have not enough men to send any serious expedition far inland. The Russians have not as yet left, but say they go in two days. The troops will most likely go to Shanhaikwan, and join with those in Manchuria; there they have already 60,000, and yet in some places they are hard pressed. I expect, however, they will soon send back a good many troops to this place.

I saw J. at the auction, and he told me that he had spotted a good place for a links just outside the West City, so I am going with him on Thursday to see about it. I only hope we can manage to get it ready soon.

12th September.—Quite an eventful day for me, as I have found out that I can manage to ride. I actually tried on a pony of T.'s, and, though I can only mount and dismount rather clumsily, I can manage all right once I am up, and am going to the West City to-morrow to inspect the golf course on the same pony, breakfasting at the 1st Sikhs' mess, and coming back afterwards. I only hope it is a fine morning. No news of any kind going. Sir Claude has asked me to give him a written account of the fight on the wall on July 3, so I must do it now.

13th September.—I had a long day of it to-day, being up at 5.30 A.M., and then going down in a cart to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, where I borrowed a small and quiet pony, which I mounted with little difficulty. I was to call for Captain J. at 7.30, and we were to go out to the West City and prospect for a golf links. I was about half an hour too early, so I spent the time in exploring round about Gaselee Road. The Board of Revenue, a fine new building occupied by the Russians, caught fire last night acciden-

tally, and was burnt to the ground; it was still smoking furiously this morning. In the course of my wanderings I met N., who is up here with some war correspondent, and gave me all the Tientsin and Imperial Post Office news.

We eventually started at about 7.30, and half an hour's easy riding brought us to the 1st Sikhs' mess, which is in Chang Yen Mo's new house, and is most comfortable. Here we had breakfast, and then, as C., the third member of committee, was away on duty, J. and I rode on alone to the Hole in the Wall, now called the British Gate, and found ourselves at our destination. The place in question is a fine stretch of ground, about one and a half mile long and from seventy to one hundred yards broad, with splendid grass and a few natural hazards, and we decided to make an eighteen-hole course eventually, though we may start with nine or twelve holes.

We then went back to the mess, looking into the Chifu palace on the way—an interesting place in many ways, though now it is looted and out of repair. At the mess we met C. and made arrangements to get men to look after the green &c. &c., and agreed to come out

again on Sunday morning, J.'s only free time, and lay out the course.

We then went back, and on the way I looked in at the Legation but got no letters, so left the pony at the Bank and went home to tiffin. It was a lovely day, and I enjoyed my ride so much that I ordered my carter to get me a pony, so he brought a fairly big and very old and quiet black beast of the type that middle-class Chinamen use. I said I would try him, so at 3.30 P.M. went off to the Legation on him, and found that, though he ambled a bit, he could canter pretty fast and without shaking one much. I got down in fifteen minutes, less than half the time that my cart takes. Next I found that a man I wanted to see had gone down to the British headquarters in the Chinese City, so I followed him there, had tea with H., who is acting as interpreter for the Provost-Marshal, and then went back again to the Legation, where I stayed to look on at the loot auction, which is rather flat now. Finally, I went home, and, though a little stiff and sore, my knee was not an atom the worse for all this riding. In fact, getting on and off, which I have to do on the wrong side, is a little awkward, but once on I am all right.

I shall buy the black pony, and hope to see a little of the city now. It makes a lot of difference in one's health and comfort being able to get about.

No news as usual; all is quiet in the city.

Lady MacDonald has also asked all the siege people to a farewell dinner on Sunday, which will be so interesting that I must keep on this diary till then.

16th September.—Was out at the golf course early this morning, and breakfasted at the 1st Sikhs' mess. Unfortunately nothing had been done in the way of getting a green-keeper, so we only planned out the links, making an eighteen-hole course, and very fair it ought to be when we get the green made.

An expedition started to-day to get hold of a large body of Boxers said to be in a hill temple some eight miles off. An attempt is to be made to cut off their retreat, but I doubt if it will be any good.

T., the new First Secretary, should have been up here to-day, but was kept at Tungchow owing to lack of carts. Our transport arrangements are bad. Convoys even now are taking

eight days to come up the three days' journey, and goods are always being lost even when addressed to our Legation.

I bought a very pretty little pony for \$10, and went out on him after tiffin. He was fearfully nervous, and gave me a lively time, but he has got lots of pace, and I dare say I shall be able to sell him to someone whose weight will suit him better. The siege dinner is put off till Tuesday.

17th September.—Up again at 5.30 and down to the golf course, where we got some holes cut and some tee boxes in position. I then went and saw about taking a house in the British quarter of the Imperial City. I am getting a large and good one, far better than my present abode. After tiffin I was out again, and have to-day spent about six hours in the saddle. No news of the Lu-ho-chia's party so far; two Boxers out of seven caught by our men tried to strangle themselves, and made a fearful row about it.

18th September.—After the usual morning's work with my teacher I had tiffin, and then

went out with R. for a ride through the Imperial City. We went first to the Coal Hill, which is a pretty well-wooded place, which formerly was packed with Chinese troops, as could be seen from the many deserted tents. There are now 2,000 odd Russians there as well as a few of our men and others.

We then went westwards past a great palace used for distinguished guests, and after passing a wall we came to a small but magnificent palace, which, I believe, was the usual residence of the Empress, though she also has a magnificent series of houses about a mile long outside the west wall of the Forbidden City. We could not go in, as only those with special orders from the Generals can do so, but I shall get one some day soon. Next we came to a place known to foreigners as Buddha's Scab. It is a high stone tower of remarkable and by no means Chinese shape, and situated on a picturesque wooded hill, on which there are many other buildings. We did not try to go in, and probably should not have been allowed to, as the French are in charge.

We then rode round that part of the Lotos Lake north of the Marble Bridge, and we passed

many handsome pavilions on our way. Squads of French soldiers, many very young, were being drilled all along the road, and when we completed the circuit and came back to the Marble Bridge, we found ourselves among Russians.

We continued south along the shores of the lake through a well-kept stretch of flower-garden and fine houses, but after going about one and a half mile we found our way blocked by Russians, and returned once more to the bridge, whence, as it was getting late, we went back, having a couple of good gallops on the way. I stayed for a little in the Legation, where I found that S. had sent me up a box of stores from Tientsin, and then cantered home, the pony being as fresh as when we started.

No news beyond that we had a public execution to-day, in the East Chinese City, of the Boxer shopkeeper whom I saw at the headquarters Yamen yesterday, and who has been terrorising the local people for months. The people were much impressed and relieved that the rifle shots did their work, and the man himself died stoically enough, though he had

previously broken down when he was sentenced. I only wish our authorities would have some more of these executions, as they have a very quieting effect on the masses.

30th September.—I may as well close this diary now, as the long-put-off 'Siege dinner' took place last Thursday, September 27. There were some twenty people there, including all the Britishers, except one or two, who were here during the siege and who had not previously left Peking; only three ladies—viz. Lady MacDonald, Mrs. Tours, and Miss Brazier—were present. We had a most excellent dinner—a marked contrast to those we had enjoyed towards the end of the siege—but there was nothing in the way of speeches &c. to distinguish it from any ordinary dinner, and so there is nothing about it to record.

On the 29th inst., in accordance with a suggestion I made to the new First Secretary, a party of us visited the Forbidden City, a short account of which visit may fittingly end this diary.

We all met at the front gate of the Imperial City, the party consisting of Mr. Tower, Mr.

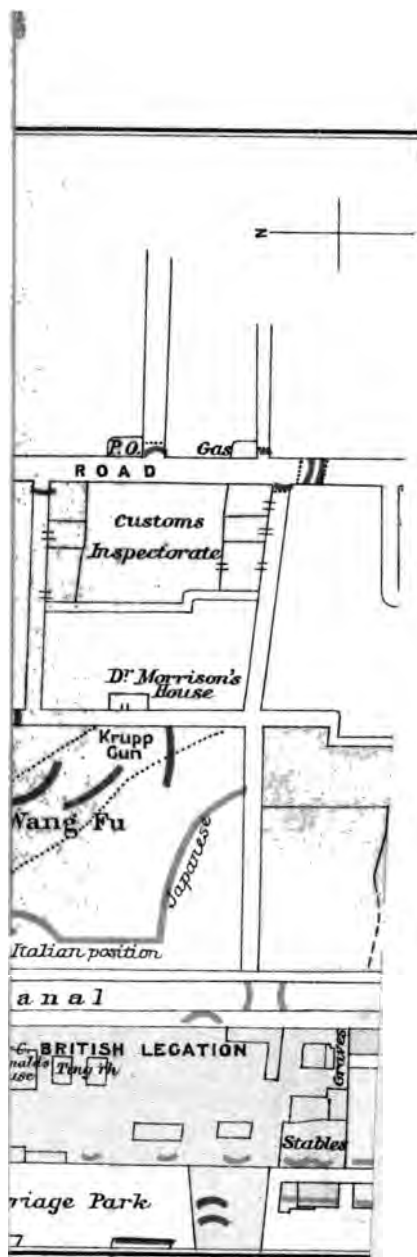
Dering, Mr. Squiers, and myself, with about six British students; also Lady MacDonald, Mrs. Squiers, and Miss Brazier.

We entered the place with an American escort, and proceeded to walk through the eight series of large halls and courtyards which, with the side buildings, comprise the place. Most of the chief halls are throne-rooms, and are furnished with more or less faded magnificence. The intervening courtyards are badly kept and grass-grown, though the steps leading up and down are beautifully sculptured with dragons. There are also countless bronzes and vases of gorgeous workmanship. Inside, the throne-rooms are all examples of faded splendour, and, though in many of the ante-rooms there is a certain amount of ornamentation in the way of jade and pottery, there is little that is striking.

We visited and had to force the doors of the Imperial pottery storehouse, but found nothing but a few baskets of broken ware, all modern.

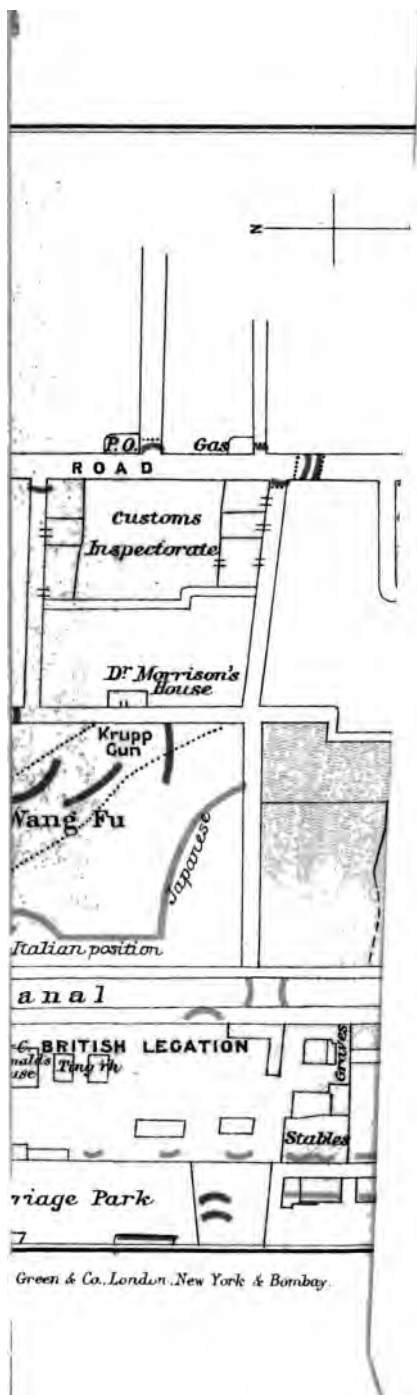
Altogether, the whole place is disappointing, and when, after passing through a rather pretty garden, we reached the Ho^u Men, a back gate, I, for one, was not sorry.

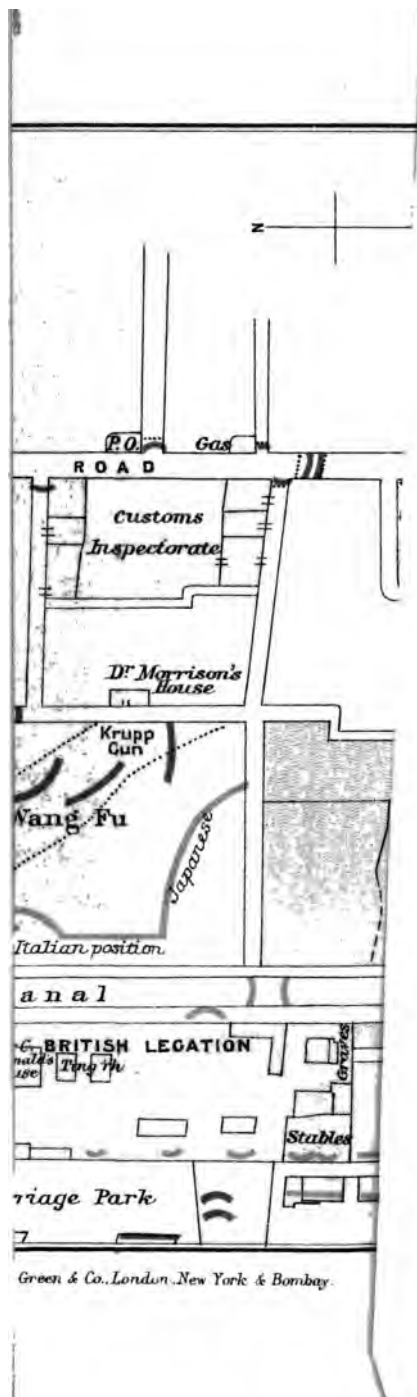
I am leaving Peking in a few days, and am glad to say that I have got the golf course fairly started, and it is a very good one—for North China. I only hope it will prosper; if it does I shall have the pleasing recollection of having introduced at least one branch of civilisation into Peking.



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